The Nation

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Summary of the News

An official memorandum of the German Government on the sinking of the Hesperian was received by Secretary Lansing from Ambassador Gerard on September 16. The text of the memorandum has not been made public, but it is understood that the German Government denies explicitly that the Hesperian was attacked by a torpedo, basing this statement on the explanation that all the German submarines that were out on the day the Hesperian was damaged have been heard from and that none of them was in the vicinity of the disaster on that day. The memorandum suggests the probability that the explosion was caused by a mine. The British official Press Bureau, on Monday, issued a statement reaffirming the affidavit of the Hesperian's officers that the ship was torpedoed. A German submarine, it is asserted, was in the neighborhood in which the Hesperian was attacked on the day in question, since ships were sunk to the north and south of this spot on September 4 and 5, and it is further stated that a fair-sized fragment of a torpedo, which was picked up on board the ship before she sank, is now in possession of the British Admiralty.

No further progress towards a settlement of the submarine issue has been recorded during the past week, nor is any definite news expected for some days. It is generally believed that the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, has received from his Government more ample powers to arrange the matter through informal conversations, and that there will be no further exchange of notes on the subject between Washington and Berlin. Dispatches of the Associated Press from Berlin on September 18 stated that a long report on the situation had been received from Count Bernstorff on Thursday of last week, and that instructions had been sent to him empowering him to negotiate terms of settlement subject only to final revision by his home Government.

Less fortunate than his German colleague, Dr. Dumba has become reluctantly convinced that his usefulness either to his Government or to those "white slaves," his "poor, oppressed fellow-countrymen," is definitely at an end. The Austrian Ambassador has admitted that tentative reservations have been made for him to sail on the Holland-America liner Rotterdam on September 28. The general opinion of the press appears to be that Dr. Dumba has not augmented his reputation for diplomatic sagacity by a curiously disingenuous note of explanation and defence addressed to Secretary Lansing under date of September 17, the text of which was published in Sunday's papers.

The long-delayed decision of the British Prize Court in regard to various American cargoes, principally of meat, shipped, for the most part, by the great American packing companies, was delivered on September 16, the British court condemning the greater part of the American products. Leave to appeal was given. Comment on this decision will be found in our editorial columns. The action of the British Prize Court will not, it is understood, materially affect or modify the tenor of the forthcoming note to Great Britain, dealing with interference with American trade and the operation of the Order in Council. Secretary Lansing announced on September 17 that this note was finally completed and was ready for dispatch to Ambassador Page in London.

Discussions between American bankers and the Anglo-French financial commission on the subject of a credit for the Allies proceeded all last week. Early in the present week it was announced that an agreement had been reached as to the general principles of the credit, and, as we write, there appears to be every prospect that minor problems will be successfully solved. The main points agreed upon are understood to be: that the loan shall be from $500,000,000 to $800,000,000, bearing interest at 5 per cent.; that its duration shall be from five to ten years; that it shall be underwritten by a syndicate of American bankers; that the notes shall be sold to the public at par and the underwriting syndicate shall receive one-half of one per cent. for its services.

Announcement was made on September 17 of the recognition by the United States of the Government of President Dartiguenave of Hayti. An earlier announcement stated that the projected treaty between Hayti and the United States had been signed on the previous day. The terms of the treaty, which is for ten years, give to the United States a financial protectorate over the republic.

An important decision in regard to the Mexican situation was reached by the Pan-American Conference on Saturday of last week, when it was determined that a *de facto* government in Mexico should receive the recognition of the United States and of the A B C Powers within a period of three weeks. The government to be recognized will be the one which, in the opinion of the Powers represented at the Conference, is the strongest both physically and morally. The decision of the Conference is generally taken as foreshadowing a recognition of Carranza.

The past week has seen a considerable lull in the activity of German submarines. Only two vessels, one Norwegian and one British, have been reported sunk since we wrote last week.

Events in the Balkans appear to be approaching a crisis, although the situation is, as we write, if anything more obscure than ever. The Allied Powers last week addressed a further note to Bulgaria requesting a reply as to that country's future intentions in view of the concession of territory in Macedonia which Servia has announced her readiness to make. The note was not in the nature of an ultimatum, but it is understood that Premier Radoslavoff was verbally informed that an early reply was expected. So far, Bulgaria's only answer has been to order the mobilization of troops in the Macedonian territory offered but not yet ceded to her. Dispatches on Tuesday announced that the Government had ordered the mobilization of all the military forces of Bulgaria, for the purpose of "armed neutrality."

Attention continues to be concentrated upon the German campaign in Poland. Vilna was abandoned by the Russian army defending it at the end of last week, and fears were entertained lest the army should be encircled. As we write, however, German efforts to pierce the Russian line at Slonim have so far been unsuccessful, the railway south of Lida is still in Russian hands, and there appears to be a good prospect of the army that defended Vilna escaping the envelopment that von Hindenburg had planned. In the west the fighting has been principally confined to violent artillery duels. In Flanders the land forces of the Allies have been assisted by the British fleet. At the apex of the German wedge at St. Mihiel, shells from the French artillery have cut the "great bridge" across the Meuse River which formed one line of the German communications. The long projected attack on Servia has apparently commenced: dispatches on Monday and Tuesday spoke of German artillery coöperating with Austrian in bombarding the Servian positions on the Danube.

Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his budget speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday, estimated that the Government's revenue for the current year would be £272,000,000, that the expenditure would reach £1,590,000,000, and that the dead weight of debt at the close of the financial year would be £2,200,000,000. Among other means of raising revenue, the Chancellor proposed an addition of 40 per cent. to the existing income tax, and the reduction of the minimum of taxable income from £160 to £130.

In England the question of conscription continues to be debated with ever increasing heat and to the accompaniment of rumors of irreconcilable dissensions in the Cabinet and of governmental crises. That Lord Northcliffe has done his country most lamentable disservice by his persistence in putting the question on a controversial plane is obvious, and it seems equally apparent that, as a result of charges, almost certainly exaggerated, by the *Daily News*, of conscriptionist plots and intrigues to disrupt the Cabinet, many of Northcliffe's supporters are "running for cover." A frank statement on the matter, which should go far towards removing the question from the fog of controversy in which it has become obscured, was made in an open letter by Mr. Lloyd George, issued by the official Press Bureau on September 19. In the House of Commons on Thursday of last week James Henry Thomas, a labor member, warned his hearers that the introduction of conscription would be followed by a strike of the Railway Union.

The New York *Times* last Saturday published an account by Vilhjalmur Stefánsson of the discovery he has made of new land in the Arctic. Dispatches announcing these discoveries contained the first news of the explorer since April 7, 1914.

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The Week

Not in anger, but in pained astonishment at the ways of republican diplomacy, does Austria-Hungary's Ambassador Extraordinary take leave of our shores. "If," he writes in his remarkable letter to Secretary Lansing—

> If the conveying of letters to Europe by Americans travelling abroad during the war is an offence, it is one of which most Americans are apparently ignorant, as the courtesy has frequently been volunteered by my friends, and is habitually practiced. It did not for a moment occur to me that it was improper, nor am I yet able to see it in that light, having regard to the entirely legitimate purposes I had in mind in the line of the performance of my duty.

How does that casual reference to "my friends" fit Dr. Dumba's description of the particular American who carried the fatal letter for him? "To-day at twelve o'clock," he wrote in that letter, "Mr. Archibald, who is well known to your Excellency, leaves on the Rotterdam for Berlin and Vienna. I would like to use this rare, safe opportunity——" But the messenger was no rarer than the message, with its allusion to "the preparation of disturbances" in American factories. Yet this is characterized in Ambassador Dumba's letter as "the entirely legitimate purposes I had in mind." The most striking feature of the whole affair, however, is that the only diplomatic move that has caused President Wilson to take drastic action has been made by the representative of the most punctilious court in Europe. The one unmistakable error thus far committed in this country by an Ambassador of the warring nations must be charged against precedent-loving Vienna.

The subject for discussion being Germany, Count Bernstorff, and the Arabic note, the *National Zeitung* rises to remark:

> The promise [Count Bernstorff's] and the note [Germany's note on the Arabic] are two entirely different things. Count Bernstorff could not possibly have known that the Arabic intended to ram the submarine which sank her.

When we have reassured ourselves that the *National Zeitung* is not a comic weekly, but a supposed organ of opinion, and that it probably intends what it says to be taken seriously, we can only stand aghast before this resurgence of an extraordinary phase of German mentality. Count Bernstorff's promise and Germany's violation of his promise have nothing to do with each other! The German Ambasador's assurance of complete satisfaction and the German Government's refusal of satisfaction in the Arabic note, with its curt, goose-step phraseology, have nothing to do with each other! No wonder Berlin is hopeful regarding the situation. Berlin, as interpreted by its newspapers, has no objection to an arrangement by which von Bernstorff shall concede general principles and von Tirpitz shall file 100 per cent. of exceptions. Read not only the *National Zeitung*, but the other *Zeitungs* and *Anzeigers*, and you get the impression that the United States is engaged in a desperate attempt to placate Germany, which is inclined to be generous. Is the Berlin press really ignorant of the fact that the present situation is virtually one in which a German Ambassador is desperately engaged in persuading his Government not to go back on his solemn pledge delivered under authority at a moment of crisis?

We do not know whether the intimation from Washington, that the German Government would protest against a loan by our markets to the English and French Governments, is meant to be taken seriously. But of one thing we are sure—that the "protest" itself, based on allegations that such a loan would be "unneutral," would be taken seriously by nobody. By consulting the files of the New York newspapers at the opening of April, any one may discover the public advertisement, to the American investing community, of $10,000,000 Imperial German Government 5 per cent. Treasury notes, which were to be paid, interest and capital, in American gold coin at New York. These notes are publicly quoted to-day in Wall Street; nobody interfered with the marketing of them. Perhaps the German Government might answer that the announcement of its note issue in April declared that proceeds "are to be used only for the establishment of commercial credits in the United States," whereas the proposed Anglo-French loan would pay for munitions of war. That contention would invite three answers: First, our Government has already declared exports of munitions to be legitimate commercial business. Secondly, the credits raised by France and England would be applied to purchases of grain and cotton as well as to manufactured goods. Thirdly, public advertisements in the second week in March, by New York bankers, offered to take subscriptions in the United States for the second Imperial German war loan, floated at Berlin, and there were subscriptions to it.

It is possibly because of knowledge of these facts that some individuals appear to have started a propaganda, designed to incite pro-German depositors in American banks to threaten those institutions in case of their participation in the Anglo-French loan. We do not expect any tangible results from such an undertaking; partly because a bank president who could be deterred by such threats from a perfectly legitimate investment would thereby make public confession of his unfitness for his responsibilities, but partly also because an organized conspiracy such as is hinted at, to induce depositors to "run" on the banks in retaliation, would be a perilous business for its organizers. Mr. Herman Ridder, whose knowledge of international finance seems to be as profound as his knowledge of international law, adopts yet another policy. He tells us in his daily monologues that "the money of America is in the hands of one man, and he is at the moment in the hands of the Anglo-French commission"; that the "British and French Governments have sent to us experts to dictate our financial policy" (a somewhat original diagnosis of the situation), and that the British Government is planning to "take the money out of the pocket of the cotton farmer," and use it for the war. Somehow these oracular sayings remind us of similar utterances on another platform, which at the time caused a weary smile, especially among German-Americans. Can it be that Mr. Ridder never discovered the Money Trust until he had also discovered Perfidious Albion in the market?

Senator La Follette joins the distinguished group that already includes two such economic and legal authorities as William J. Bryan and J. Hamilton Lewis and that has taken unto itself the special protection of our neutrality. When the Wisconsin Senator sees something doing in Wall Street, he lifts up his voice if he is in the Senate Chamber or on the Chautauqua platform; in vacation time he reaches for his pen. This is vacation time, and so you must buy the current number of *La Follette's Weekly* if you want to learn the whole truth. But even a part of it is bad enough. We are not surprised to find that Morgan and "our money interests" generally are engaging once more in the unholy business of lending money at the highest rate of interest they can squeeze out of the poor borrowers, but it is sad to have to include persons outside of Wall Street in the terrible condemnation of violating our neutrality. Allied with Morgan and our money interests in this con-

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spiracy are Schwab and our manufacturing interests. As the Senator pointedly remarks, not only by every principle of good morals, but even under the criminal code, he who supplies the weapon, knowing that it will be used to kill, is equally guilty with the slayer. And the proper time to reverse the practice of supplying weapons is in the midst of a fight. In what other way than by thus suddenly throwing whichever party may happen to be profiting more from that practice upon his own resources could you give him so clear a demonstration of real neutrality?

Viscount Bryce's appeal on behalf of the Armenians accuses the Turkish Government of forming deliberately and carrying out systematically a plan for extirpating all Christians of Armenian race. It was not local frenzy, aided by the irresponsibility or indifference of the central Government, but direct orders from Constantinople that resulted in massacres like that at Trebizond. One cannot help feeling that so terrible a charge is probably exaggerated. The Turkish Government has been quite capable of embarking upon a policy of wide terrorization, and it is all too likely that in certain districts this was carried to an extreme of cruelty; but even the Sublime Porte could hardly descend to the depths of inhumanity necessary in decreeing the stamping out of Christianity by the killing of all Christians. Yet even if its initiative in the dreadful scenes reported in Armenia was not so great as Viscount Bryce believes, he is quite right in believing that the moral opinion of the American nation, exerted directly or through Turkey's Teutonic allies, is the one outside force that has a chance of stopping the destruction. Indeed, action taken by Ambassador Morgenthau might be more effective than the appeal of neutral sentiment to Berlin. He was reported last week as having suggested to Turkey a plan for the rescue of the Armenians through an American fund. A full statement from him or from semi-official sources as to the exact situation in Asia Minor would instantly mould public opinion, and if the case is as dark as it is painted, he could command the fullest support in sentiment and in funds.

One of the reasons for the failure of Austro-Italian negotiations last spring was Austria's stipulation that the territory which she was willing to cede should pass only after the conclusion of hostilities. Italy had its doubts about the value of a bare promise. Teutonic diplomacy seems to have taken the Italian point of view when the promise is a Turkish promise. Bulgaria must not wait for her price. Without lifting a finger, she has won a sizable strip of territory and a free way for her railway line to Dedeaghatch and the Ægean. The transfer is now being conducted amicably at Adrianople. And yet it was not long ago that Premier Radaslavoff declared that if the Allies said the word, a Bulgarian army of 250,000 would start for Constantinople. There is, of course, no illusion in any quarter regarding the nature of the bargain just completed. On neither side is there any love lost. Let Servia and Greece pay the price, and the present benevolent neutrality of Bulgaria to the central Powers would disappear. The Bulgars make no pretence about it. The present is their opportunity. Moreover, what would otherwise be international blackmail is very considerably mitigated in their case by the fact that three years ago they were themselves the victim of a "hold-up" by Rumania. The territory which Bulgaria now receives from the Turk is only a fraction of what she asserts should have been her legitimate reward after the first Balkan War.

"Not far short of three millions," is Mr. Asquith's estimate of the enlistments in the English army and navy since the beginning of hostilities. Deduct the navy enlistments, and two and three-quarter million recruits are the apparent minimum for the new armies. The Army Establishment before the outbreak of the war was placed in the Parliamentary estimates at 727,000 men, but allowance should be made for the Territorials, where the ranks were not filled up. If we say half a million we are safe. Canada has at the front or in training about 150,000 men. Australasia has sent about 50,000 men. Indian native troops probably have been brought to the same number. This would make three and a half million men as the total of the Empire's forces, old and new. The casualties, as we learned the other day, have been 382,000, of whom 100,000 have probably returned for duty. Subtracting roughly 300,000 for casualties, we get 3,200,000 men in the field or drilling. At the front in the west, if we add to Lord Lansdowne's estimate of last July Lord Kitchener's twelve new divisions, we get about 700,000 men. In Gallipoli there can hardly be more than 150,000 British troops. Altogether at the front there are thus much less than a million. Waiting for active service are about two and a quarter millions. Of these at least a million have had nine months' training. The inference, therefore, is that Great Britain is still prevented by lack of equipment from making full use of her numerical strength.

The prorogation of the Duma for a period of two months is the Czar's reply to the demands formulated by the Liberal majority in Russia's "parliament" for political and social reforms as the necessary condition for a full rallying of the nation's forces against the enemy. Berlin would be justified if it included the dismissal of the Duma in the list of German successes reported on the eastern front. By breaking with the representatives of the people the Czar has struck a blow at the cause of the Allies. The Russia that must now confront the Kaiser's advancing armies is no longer united. The forces of revolution have been manifesting themselves under the sting of military disaster. The forces of revolution will now be strengthened by Liberal disaffection. In the Duma, a few days ago, Miliukoff, leader of the strongest Liberal faction, protesting against the rumors of prorogation, uttered words that sound ominously like Mirabeau's in the States-General. If we are sent away, said Miliukoff, we shall be back in a few weeks and in a different temper. Simultaneously with the dismissal of the Duma comes the news of measures taken for the repression of popular demonstrations in the large cities. It is like an echo of 1905. Even while Kitchener and Asquith were speaking of Russia's magnificent stand against the common enemy, the Czar decided to challenge his own subjects. The effect on public opinion in the west will be deplorable. It is certainly no benefit to the Allies to have the possibility arise that munitions for Russia may yet mean munitions against the Russian people.

Hayti has followed the example of her sister republic, and we are now to show what we can do in the way of straightening out the finances of another turbulent state. The announcement that the treaty was signed at Washington last Thursday is followed by the expectation of its ratification by the Haytian Congress shortly, the session having been prolonged for the purpose of considering such agreement as might be arrived at by the representatives of the two Governments. We anticipated this event by recognition of the new Haytian Government. The treaty establishes a Hay-

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tian receivership of customs under our control and a native constabulary force also under our control, and gives us the management of Haytian finances generally to the extent that may be necessary to safeguard the interests of the Haytian people—all this for a period of ten years. Those immediately concerned with the arrangement are hopeful that this "financial protectorate" will pull Hayti out of the slough of both domestic and foreign difficulties, at least in so far as those difficulties are due to financial mismanagement.

For political candor, commend us to Victor Murdock, of Kansas and the National Progressive party. If the Colonel thinks he sees a chance to win in 1916, he will accept another nomination from the party. If there must be another sacrifice, his strong inclination will be to stand aside and allow some one else to take the beating. If, then, the Colonel displays no unusual coyness during the Presidential primaries, we may infer that in his opinion the party has been revived. On the other hand, if he waves the nomination aside and murmurs "Johnson," the country will know that it is all over and that the wicked are once more about to occupy the seats of the mighty. But along with his candor, the Progressive Chairman has other qualities more typical of men in his position. He gives no indication of suspecting that the Colonel might come out for the Republican nominee, leaving the Progressives to shift for themselves. He is also able to speak of "the chance that the Republican party will nominate William Howard Taft," and to do this with a perfectly straight face. Nor has he any information that would lead him to suppose that there is the slightest likelihood that the Republicans and the Progressives will be found voting together next year. "The 1912 campaign proved that there are 4,000,000 people who do not believe in the fetich of a party label. Once broken away from the old party, they will always be independent." What the campaign of 1914 proved he does not deign to notice.

But Mr. Murdock's real vision is of a split in the Democratic party. An "internal explosion" he calls it, and he foresees it happening in Congress before the fourth of next March. "The young men of the party have tired of the game and the way it is played by the older men," he discovers, "and these young men are bound to cause a blow-up that will lay the Democratic party flat within the next six months." Here the Kansas prophet stands upon firm ground. Everybody remembers the dissatisfaction among the young men of the party in 1912 over the outcome of the Baltimore Convention, with its backward-looking candidate and its failure to displace the aged McCombs by a more youthful National Chairman. All history, moreover, confirms Murdock's forecast of a party dividing as it sees an election approaching. Differences assume exaggerated importance, factions push conflicting programmes, Congress discusses and passes a mass of momentous measures, after which it breaks up in a row. Especially does the majority party air all its internal troubles at such a time. Murdock has been in Congress, and he knows what happens during the period immediately preceding the National Convention season. The only thing which he omitted to mention was the bitter rivalry for the Democratic nomination, which promises a split, no matter who wins the prize. What gives special force to this fine dream is the dreamer's detached attitude, as shown in his admonition to his fellow-Progressives: "Give the people the idea that we can win, and we will have to enlarge our bandwagon."

Already murmurs of apprehensions are heard as to the workings of the confused sets of new Presidential preference primary laws; and we find one New England journal predicting that a candidate with Mr. Roosevelt's energy may be able to "muss up" the forthcoming Conventions with contests over delegates, as at Chicago in 1912. Certainly, next year we shall begin watching operation of the laws in seventeen States in about seventeen different ways. The tendency of all is to bind the delegates either too much or too little; to insist in some States that even if the preferred candidate becomes hopeless, they shall continue voting for him, and in others to let them, under such a contingency, cast their instructions to the winds and vote for whom they please. A more rational plan would be to instruct delegates in first, second, and third choices. But the diversity of preference laws in minor points is startling. Note the caution of Indiana, in insisting that all candidates for Vice-Presidential or Presidential nomination shall pay a fee of $100 to the State. Note the suspicion of Illinois, in providing that if a Presidential candidate whiffs deals and treachery, he may disavow a delegate who has declared for him and appoint some one else. There is plenty of room for contests and confusion. But the cost of squabbles is so great, both as regards the dignity of the Convention and the harmony of the party, that all sides will surely try to avoid duplication of the scenes that attended the Republican gathering of the last campaign.

The statement in the news dispatches that John D. Rockefeller, jr., is to spend a considerable time in the Colorado mine fields, is interesting; it may be extremely important. Without belittling on the one hand the degree to which the labor unions, and especially unscrupulous persons among their leadership, were responsible for wantonly murderous acts and incitements, or on the other hand aggressions and negligence on the part of the operating corporations, we feel that one of the most serious factors in the civil strife which disgraced the State of Colorado lay in the fact that Mr. Rockefeller, most conspicuous if not most influential in the ownership, was dependent for his information upon distant representatives whose statements, however honest, must perforce have been *ex parte*. The opportunity before him now is one of great potentialities. If he contents himself with a merely superficial hearing at first hand, on the ground, of what he already has been told by mail and telegraph, his visit will be of little value or significance. If with a deep sense of the responsibility with which fortune has clothed him he devotes himself to a real study of the large problem that besets that sadly troubled country, he may do an enormously important thing for his fellowmen.

Aside from the gratification which will be universal, in the confidence that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, whose death in the Arctic wilderness has seemed a foregone conclusion, is safe after all, one cannot resist the thought of what will be his state of mind when he first hears news of the world. For more than a year and a half he has been out of reach of tidings of any human happening beyond his own horizon of ice and ocean. Since he passed, in April, 1914, beyond the ken of his fellow-men, the whole world has plunged deep into the chaos of bloodshed and destruction unprecedented. When he left there was no visible portent of the turmoil which has covered the earth with woe. It may be doubted whether in all the world there is one other individual for whom is in store so staggering a shock as awaits this man in his first instalment of news from "civilization."

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NEUTRAL RIGHTS AT SEA.

The action of the British Prize Court condemning some millions of dollars' worth of American cargoes seized on their way to neutral ports has naturally produced an unpleasant impression in this country. That the right to detain or confiscate cargoes of this nature has been stretched by the British beyond established precedent has seemed plain all along; and it has seemed fairly clear that it has been stretched beyond the limits which a change in conditions might properly be held to justify. The reasons for the Prize Court's decision, so far as they are to be gathered from the cable dispatches, do not remove this impression. That the case has been so long in reaching a conclusion in the Prize Court is also a substantial grievance; though any very hot indignation on that score would come a little oddly from a nation so notoriously slow as ours has generally been in the settlement of judicial questions. The case will now be appealed to the Privy Council by American shippers, and if that appeal should fail, there is no doubt that the interposition of our State Department by diplomatic means will be invoked. In the meanwhile, our Government will certainly have set forth its views on the whole question of the treatment of American trade under the British war policy, upon which the President and Secretary of State have so long been contemplating the making of a strong representation to the British Government.

So far as can be judged from the information in hand, both as regards the grounds of the decision of the British Prize Court and as regards the view taken of the subject at Washington, the London decision is not likely in any serious degree to complicate or aggravate the situation, at least in the immediate future. The matter is not so simple as some comments on the subject appear to assume. Whatever highhandedness there may be in the Orders in Council, or in the British claim as to the scope of the blockade, it is not upon either of these that the confiscation of the American cargoes is based. The question appears essentially to turn on the treatment of conditional contraband. And even here a distinction has to be made—the distinction between the question of how such contraband is to be dealt with when the facts are as charged by the British Government in this case and the question of the way in which the charge is to be established. In the judgment delivered by Sir Samuel T. Evans, president of the British Prize Court, the element of misrepresentation or deception on the part of the shippers is particularly stressed, and it would be rash to say to what extent the conjuncture of this element with their refusal to accept the burden of proof that the goods were not specifically destined for the enemy forces should be regarded as justifying the action of the Court.

In saying these things we are by no means desirous of belittling the importance of the question at issue between this country and Great Britain on the subject of American trade to neutral ports. To prevent encroachment upon the rights of commerce which have in the past been enjoyed by neutral nations in time of war, is the clear duty of our Government. It is important on account of its bearings upon the immediate economic interests of our people, upon the future of international commerce in general, and upon the maintenance of a just attitude towards the rights of the nations opposed to Great Britain in the present war. That this duty, however, will be performed with vigor and ability by the President and Secretary of State, we have no doubt. We are not unmindful that time is of the essence of the matter, and that much time has gone by without effective action following up our initial announcements of policy in this regard. But nothing can be plainer than that this delay on the part of our Government must be ascribed to the situation in which we have been placed by the unspeakable lawlessness and barbarism of the policy with which Germany identified herself when she sank the Lusitania, and from the burden of which she has not yet emancipated herself. It must be remembered that the mere announcement of this policy of lawlessness, last February, did not interfere with our making a protest against the British Orders in Council just as clear and emphatic as the protest we made against the German programme. It was only when that programme was translated into action which shocked the conscience of the civilized world that the efforts of this country in relation to Britain were halted.

Between the issue precipitated by the Lusitania massacre and the issue that turns upon British violations of neutral rights at sea, the difference is usually said to be that the issue with Germany involves the protection of American lives, while that with England relates only to property rights. That difference undoubtedly looms largest in the general mind, and also affects most plainly the state of feeling that prevails in official circles. But this difference by no means covers the case. American lives could, for the future at least, be safeguarded by Americans abandoning the right to sail the seas in time of war; the bottom fact in the case is that, unlike matters relating to contraband, or blockade, this right is so simple and elementary, and has been so wholly free from challenge for generations, that to violate it strikes at the very root of international faith, and to defend it without reserve or qualification is a prime duty of national self-respect. In the matter of blockade, in the matter of seizure of contraband, we ourselves stretched the pre-existing understandings of international law during our Civil War; if England has now stretched them more, and stretched them with less justification, that is a ground for very determined objection on our part, but it is not a new thing under the sun. If von Tirpitz's policy of frightfulness, besides failing of its object as to British commerce, has had the effect of paralyzing for a time such interposition of this country in favor of neutral commerce as would have inured to Germany's advantage, nothing could be a better example of poetic justice.

TOWARDS PEACE IN MEXICO.

Until October 9, Pancho Villa is to have an opportunity to show cause why the Government of Venustiano Carranza should not be recognized as the legal Government of Mexico. That is the plain purport of the policy formulated at the meeting of the Pan-American conferrees in New York city on Saturday, and given to the public by Secretary Lansing. Anticipating the criticism that this action is an abandonment of the policy formulated in the "get-together" note of August 15, addressed to the factional leaders in Mexico, Mr. Lansing's statement is at pains to show that we have here not an abandonment of policy, but a fulfilment. We are told now that the signatories of the note of August 15 foresaw the possible failure of the appeal for harmony, and had therefore agreed upon the recognition, as an alternative, of that faction which showed itself best able to fulfil the elementary functions of government—the protection of life and property and the ultimate establishment of social order. Could any other alternative have been contemplated by the conferrees? It must be confessed that the August note did arouse in the public mind the possibility of intervention. Not enough attention was paid to the statement issued at that

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time by the Ambassador of Argentina that his Government could not associate itself with a plan for the restoration of Mexican order by force. To-day we have the assurance that this principle was accepted by the members of the conference, that at no time was intervention in Mexico contemplated.

The note of August 15, now explained as the necessary preliminary step towards the recognition of a Mexican Government, was something more than that. It was a move on the part of the Pan-American associates to gain time. Military events in Mexico were moving so rapidly that a delay of five weeks was pretty sure to clarify the situation. In five weeks Pancho Villa might show whether he could turn the tide of battle that was swiftly running against him. By a dramatic victory he might yet put Carranza in a position where the tenacious old gentleman would be willing to discuss compromise. No such victory has been forthcoming. Since the August note was issued, Durango and Saltillo have fallen to Carranza, and the sweep of Obregon's armies northward has continued. The Sunday newspapers, along with the action of the conference at the Hotel Biltmore, printed authentic news of the abandonment of Torreón by the Villistas. The collapse of organized resistance to Carranza is seemingly a matter of weeks. It has been foreshadowed in the action of this Government in recalling its citizens from Villa's territory. In another three weeks Chihuahua, the last of Villa's strongholds, may be in Carranza's hands, or its fate, at any rate, be pretty definitely determined. The associated American Governments are then to exercise their individual judgment in extending recognition. This is theory. In practice we have no doubt that the Pan-American conferrees will act as one.

From the point of view of mere fitness to rule, Venustiano Carranza has stood out for many months as the best man in Mexico. We say that with full recognition of those defects of temper which have so sorely tried the patience and good will of the Administration. The very qualities of doggedness, of insistence on what he considered his rights and the rights of Mexico, have shown Carranza possessed of the elements of the "strong man" for whom the situation seemingly calls. As between Carranza and Villa there have all along been in favor of the former the facts that he was the original leader of the revolution against the assassins of Madero, and that he represented enough of the old Mexico in prestige, education, and general capacities to make the transition much easier than it would be to a ruler of the type of Villa or Zapata. These abstract qualifications have been reinforced by the very important concrete fact of victory in the field. The stories of Obregon's turning against Carranza soon proved to be fabrications. Carranza has held the loyalty of his commanders, both in crisis and in victory. He has shown fortitude and patience. He has been a very good patient waiter on his own account. He waited for months in obscurity during the war against Huerta until the legend spread that there was no such person as Carranza. He has waited doggedly at Vera Cruz. He has demonstrated that with him in the palace at Mexico City there could be no unseen government, no play of sinister forces, such as would attend installation of the illiterate and tempestuous Villa. If any man in Mexico carries in his own person the promise of a permanent settlement, it is Carranza.

When, therefore, the time comes for the extension of recognition to Carranza—and that, it is hoped, will not be long postponed—Washington will be doing something much more than taking a leap in the dark, as disgruntled critics are saying to-day. Only in a specious sense will it amount to letting Mexico continue to fight out the issue for herself. It is no longer a question of fighting to see who is the best man, but of final clearing-up operations before the best man has accomplished his task. This end cannot but be hastened by recognition from Washington. If Carranza's cause has moved forward so prosperously all these months when Washington was supposed to look askance at his cause—and with fair justification—his ultimate triumph must be accelerated by the formal expression of our goodwill. With Washington on record, the interests on this side of the border which have been speculating on Villa will refuse to continue in what must become a desperate gamble.

Nor would such favorable action by Washington be anything but a logical development and fulfilment of our policy of patient waiting. There will be enough critics of Mr. Wilson to say that even if the solution does come we shall have merely stumbled into it. But to the historian who looks back on the Mexican revolution since the death of Madero, our policy will show consistency and strength. We shall not have muddled through, but in a very real sense shall have waited through, and that not passively. The historian will recognize that at critical moments we have intervened for the good of democracy and order in Mexico. Every revolution has two phases, the tearing down and the building up. We helped in the removal of Huerta, as the survivor of the old régime, though at terrible risk to ourselves. We will now help towards the establishment of a new and better state of things by giving our moral support to the one man who embodies the necessary ideals and capacity to bring a new order into being across the Rio Grande.

ENGLAND AND CONSCRIPTION.

When Asquith or Kitchener discusses "compulsory national service," the partisans on either side are still at liberty to read into the speeches what they like. The only people who have apparently made up their minds about conscription are Lord Northcliffe on one side and the labor unions on the other. Lord Northcliffe is to be reckoned with, but he is by no means so important as the labor unions. Last Thursday, the most powerful of the unions, the railway workers, served notice in the House of Commons that conscription would be followed by a general strike. "If the conscriptionists want an industrial revolution," said their Parliamentary representative, "let them proceed with their agitation." This cannot be regarded as an empty threat. The British workers have shown throughout the war that they do not regard the national necessity as pressing enough to justify their surrender of privileges for which they have long struggled, or for the introduction of radical changes which they regard as a menace to the future welfare of their class. The Welsh miners have shown that words would be followed by action. England's allies will not read this latest expression of a very important section of British sentiment with satisfaction. France is preparing to call her boys of eighteen and her men over forty-five to the colors. Russia is calling up her last line of reserves. Paris and Petrograd will be asking more than ever whether England is doing her share.

To what extent is this attitude of the British workers due to indifference? To what extent is it justified by the facts? Unquestionably, one of the factors in the problem is the growing sense of security in England as to the possibility of an invasion of the islands; and, after all, the consciousness that his own country is safe from attack must enter into the average Englishman's estimate of the seriousness of the general

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situation, just as it would count with the average Frenchman or Russian or German. Reports agree that the panic fears of the early days of the war have disappeared. The British fleet does hold the seas and bar the way to a hostile force. The military routes into France are adequately protected. Germany's submarine warfare has demonstrated the maximum of its capacity to inflict damage on British trade and the nation's food supply. There are the Zeppelins, to be sure, but these are an irritation rather than a menace. Finally, there is the British army on the Continent. With nearly three-quarters of a million men barring the way to Calais, with surely as many men behind the line available for emergency, the feeling is pretty general in England that the British line is safe, that the road to the Channel coast is closed to the Kaiser, and that the menace of an attack across the narrow waters has been removed.

It would be unjust to the British workers to suppose that they are content with this selfish view of the situation. England's liability must go beyond protecting her own coasts. She must help to win the war for the Allies. It is not a sufficient answer to say that England has done her share, that at the beginning of the war she was pledged to a small expeditionary force, and that she has called up an army of three and a half million men. It is only what England's own interests, as well as her duty to her allies, would dictate. England's liability, the *Manchester Guardian* declared the other day, is not a limited liability. She is engaged in a tremendous issue, and she must put forth every effort necessary to win. The question is not, therefore, whether England has done her share, but whether she has done as much as she could. The answer of the British workers is that she has done so. When men were wanted, the workers, with the rest of the nation, responded. When the problem became one of organization, the workers—so they would contend—equally responded. The labor leaders' pledge of a volunteer army for the munition factories was redeemed in the course of a couple of weeks. Where the unions have made trouble it was because of the suspicion that they were being taken advantage of without cause, that they were called upon for sacrifices which no emergency justified and which would not be effective in any case.

Conscription is one of these unnecessary sacrifices, as the unions see it. And especially conscription in the rather narrow sense which it has taken on in recent discussion. In reply to the argument that the volunteer system has brought virtually as many men to the colors as compulsory service would have done, the conscriptionists have been saying that compulsory service is not so essential for the mere raising of fighting men as for the organization of the war industries. Compulsion is necessary to deal with the shirkers in the ranks of labor, and with the short-sighted policy of some unions in insisting on their rights as against unskilled labor, women workers, the infraction of union hours, and so on. But to say that compulsion would be primarily directed against the workers was naturally to rouse their suspicions to the utmost. It meant the surrender of their liberty of action in order to atone for the errors, the lack of foresight, of the men at the head of affairs. Were the emergency a pressing one, there would be no excuse for hesitation. But there is no grinding emergency. The war is stretching out indefinitely. A decision will be won by endurance. That gives time for the full development of England's strength in accordance with British traditions, not by curtailing democracy, but by negotiating with and educating the democracy to the need of the moment. As the labor unions see the problem, England has raised men for the field without compulsion, and she can obtain munitions for her armies without destroying what many regard as the fundamentals of British liberty.

GERMAN INTENTIONS IN POLAND

Speculation regarding the terms of peace which Germany might look upon with favor, though vague and hazardous at best, has shown a tendency to gravitate towards one general principle which does carry the elements of probability. This is that the Kaiser is now looking to the east for the fruits of victory. As was suggested in these columns some time ago, the military and the moral situation both point in that direction. Of the Allies, it is Russia that has been most decisively beaten and is apparently in the weakest position for a war to the end. In the second place, the opinion of the neutral world would regard with less reluctance any attempt by Germany to recompense herself at the expense of Russia than at the expense of Belgium and France. Assuming that the German line in the west cannot be broken, it is still possible to suppose that the Kaiser would consent to surrender his conquests in the west for various considerations, of which the most important would be the annexation of Russian territory, which must mean primarily Poland. The press in Berlin and Vienna is firm in the assertion that Poland will never again come under the rule of the Czar.

If Poland is lost to the Czar, what is to be its precise fate? The possibilities are three. The conquered territory may be directly annexed, partly by Germany, partly by Austria-Hungary, and ruled as Alsace-Lorraine was ruled until recently. Or a Polish kingdom or kingdoms may be re-created to constitute a member either of the German Empire or of the Hapsburg monarchy, or of both. Or a completely autonomous kingdom may be reëstablished under the protection of the Teutonic Allies and serving its main purpose as an effective barrier to Russian aggression for all the future. The last is the ideal towards which Polish aspirations are undoubtedly directed, but also the one that is plainly impossible of realization. To imagine such a resurrection of Poland, to suggest even, as has been done, that Germany might surrender her present Polish territories, and Austria give up Galicia, to reconstitute the integrity of the old Polish nation, presupposes a degree of altruism not to be looked for in any European capital. The choice apparently is either the entrance of Poland as a constituent member of the Federal German Empire or of the Hapsburg monarchy or of both, or complete annexation.

The probability of an autonomous Poland under some form of Teutonic rule seemed to be greatly strengthened by Bethmann-Hollweg's great speech in the Reichstag on August 19. As quoted in a long dispatch to Sayville on the following day, this is what the German Chancellor said:

> I hope that the present occupation of the eastern Polish frontier means the beginning of a new evolution which will abolish the old-time antagonism between Germans and Poles, and lead Poland, freed from the Russian yoke, towards a brighter future, in which she will cultivate her individual national character.

These words seemed rich in possibilities. They might mean independence; they surely forecast a large measure of Polish autonomy. That Bethmann-Hollweg did not mean independence appears from a sentence omitted in the Associated Press dispatch but reported by the New York *Sun's* correspondent. In the dispatch to the *Sun*, Bethmann-Hollweg prefaced his statement, as just quoted, with the sentence: "I do not imitate the glittering promises of our enemies." No independence, therefore, and no complete autonomy such as Petrograd is supposed to have promised.

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How far, then, did Bethmann-Hollweg's individual national life for Poland go?

We find a possible answer in the complete version of Bethmann-Hollweg's speech as printed in the London *Times*. Here again Sayville has omitted a sentence. Bethmann-Hollweg did not stop with the statement about Poland's individual national character. He went on:

> The country occupied by us will be administered by us with the assistance of its own population.

If "administered with the assistance of its own population" refers to the permanent condition of Poland after the war, Polish autonomy, as Berlin sees it, is only a dream.

THE GERMAN DELUSION.

The article contributed by Professor Münsterberg to the magazine section of the New York *Times* of Sunday covers ground so extensive that any attempt to discuss the questions which it raises would require a treatise. But in the main the contentions to which it is devoted fall into two classes. He dwells with emphasis upon the value of certain great qualities of the German people, and implores us almost with tears not to lose sight of their importance; and if this were all, there would be nothing to object to, and a great deal to prize, in his article. Unfortunately, however, this is the very part of the article which has the least relation to any question that now troubles the public mind. Nobody denies to-day, any more than they denied two years ago, that in government, in industry, in education, in science, the Germans are distinguished by an exemplary thoroughness and efficiency from which we in America have much to learn. If the American people have been thinking about the deliberate precipitation of this unspeakably calamitous war, about the violation of Belgium in defiance of sacred obligations, about the systematic atrocities committed by the German forces in that unhappy country, about the unparalleled crime of the Lusitania massacre, rather than about the high attributes which they have always recognized in the German people, this is a manifestation of human nature which a professor of psychology should of all men find it least difficult to understand. We are neither denying nor forgetting what is great and good about Germany; but to ask us to be continually talking and thinking about these things, just as though Germany had been giving us nothing else to think about, is to demand a psychological impossibility.

And this impossibility is intensified by a characteristic of the German propaganda of which Professor Münsterberg himself unconsciously gives a striking illustration in that other part of his article to which we have referred above. The just claims of Germany as a beneficent influence in the world's civilization are fatally obscured by the monstrous exaggeration with which they are constantly being presented by her spokesmen, both at home and in this country. And we do not remember ever to have seen so instructive an example of this as is given us by Professor Münsterberg. A single passage may serve to indicate his state of mind:

> May it not be said that the enmity against Germany which has taken hold of wide circles in America and the resulting war excitement have had no more treacherous effect than the sudden interruption which they brought in the struggle against the spirit of recklessness and lawlessness in the land? The fight against it had begun in many lines. The big crackers on the Fourth were forbidden, steel cars were built and many a grade-crossing abolished, the country-wide movements for the conservation of the national resources began, the work against infant mortality and race suicide, against vice and intemperance, had started, more and more old-age pensions and accident insurance were introduced, the schools were improved, child labor was reduced, some city governments were cleaned. The spirit of carelessness and recklessness was at last threatened by a new spirit of thoroughness and conscientiousness.

Out of the depths of his inner consciousness the professor learns not only that all these good tendencies that he speaks of were derived from Germany, but that they met with a sudden and disastrous check just as soon as our affection for his Fatherland received a chill. Nobody else has heard that we have gone back to the old-fashioned Fourth, that we have stopped building steel cars or abolishing grade-crossings, that our Health Departments no longer care how many babies die, that our city governments are going back to the Tweed pattern, or that the movement against the saloon has been specially languishing since August 1, 1914. The mere possibility of constructing out of nothing such an hallucination as this is sufficient indication of that utter disparity between the facts of the world and the assumptions of German megalomania which has been so conspicuous throughout the German "literature" of the war.

Possibly this ludicrous error may be ascribed to a disturbance of mind natural at a time of war excitement, or perhaps it is even an evidence of a certain American carelessness or want of thoroughness with which the Professor has become infected in spite of himself. But there is a deeper vice in the whole matter, and this is neither American nor specially Münsterbergian, but simply German. With their eyes fixed on their own virtues and superiorities, the Germans have fallen into a way of laying claim to everything good that is to be found in Germany as peculiarly their own, and everything good that is to be found in other countries as a mere reflection of German excellences. That "work against intemperance had started" here as a result of German influences is a novel contribution to history. Even in regard to "vice," it will occur to many as a little startling to have the standards of Berlin held up for the admiration of Americans. No doubt in a few years Dr. Münsterberg will be pointing to the opening of educational opportunities for women as one of the great triumphs of German Kultur; it being, of course, easy enough to prove that the foundation of Vassar College and the institution of co-educational universities throughout the Middle West half a century ago were but the product of some ferment or other that was going on in the Teutonic mind, although it did not show itself in any overt shape until near the beginning of the twentieth century. If the leading commercial city of the United States had had in 1892 such an outbreak of cholera as visited Hamburg and threatened the health of maritime cities throughout the world, that, of course, would have been clear proof of American inferiority and German perfection; but no such inference can be made when it is a German city that is at fault.

A hundred examples could be given of the fallacy of all this self-adoration. Let one suffice. Long before any German city had reached such standards in regard to paving and sanitation as are now looked upon as a matter of course on both sides of the Atlantic, Paris was a miracle of cleanliness and perfection in her streets. We all knew it here, as all the world knew it. But it never occurred to anybody on either side of the water to recommend to the American people a worshipful study of the character or the intellect of the pinchbeck Napoleon to whom the creation of this new Paris was due, or to warn us to remember that an empire built up on false pretence, corruption, and a flashy militarism has its good side, which we might underrate at our peril.

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Foreign Correspondence

FINANCIAL AND ECONOMIC MEASURES DEVISED TO MEET THE HUGE COST OF WAR.

By T. L. GILMOUR.

LONDON, August 31.

It is part of the tribute which must be paid to Germany for the thoroughness with which she was organized for war that her preparations were almost as complete on the economic side as on the military. By a curious paradox, the fact that Germany was a debtor nation trading largely on borrowed capital gave her, when war broke out, an immense and immediate advantage over Great Britain and France, and, indeed, almost involved those countries in irremediable disaster. Germany simply did not pay her debts, and so found herself in possession of the goods without having to discharge the obligations which she had incurred. The London discounting houses, on the other hand, found themselves with valueless German paper in their portfolios, and heavy liabilities towards the rest of the world, that must be met if British credit was to be saved from a collapse which, apart from the effect such a collapse would have had on other countries, would have made it impossible for Great Britain to finance the war.

This is, of course, ancient history, as are the measures which the British Government took on the advice of the leading London bankers, sitting in almost continuous session in those fateful August days a year ago; but it is not inopportune to recall the situation which existed at the outbreak of war, now that it is more clearly recognized than it has ever been that this world-struggle has resolved itself into a contest of endurance in which man-power, brain-power, organizing-power, money-power must all contribute to the ultimate momentous decision. There is evidence that, just as Germany counted on a rapid military success to bring France and Russia to their knees, so she hoped by a crushing initial blow so completely to disorganize the delicate mechanism of British credit that the whole structure of our economic life would be brought down in ruin about our ears.

In her economic, as in her military, forecast, Germany deceived herself. The measures taken by the British Government to grapple with the financial crisis proved, indeed, so efficacious that they obscured the more permanent dangers which the future had in store for us and for our allies. The slogan of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Business as usual," may have had its appropriateness at the moment; but it has long since outlived its usefulness, and to-day everybody whose view is not limited by what is happening beneath his nose recognizes that not only does the war necessitate immediate economic adjustments which are far-reaching and difficult to make, but that greater and even more difficult adjustments in our social, political, and economic organization must follow on the restoration of peace. Superficially, the war has had singularly little effect on London, apart from the darkened streets, the prevalence of khaki, and the blue of the wounded soldiers taking the air in motor-cars and char-à-bancs. Neutral observers tell us that the same superficial absence of change is noticeable in Berlin and in Vienna, but that in Paris it is different. Paris was well within the war zone, and is still so near to it that the Parisians *see* the war. But below the surface London, Berlin, Vienna are as profoundly affected as Paris, though here again, as usual, London is, I think, the last to realize anything either of the character or of the extent of the forces which will ultimately give birth to a new Europe.

So far, I have not met any one in authority who will commit himself to a forecast of what is going to happen to any of us after the war. The general view is: "We've got enough to do to win the war. Let us see to that being done properly. It isn't much use speculating how the incalculable forces that are being called into being will work themselves out. We can't manipulate them. What we've got to do now is to organize ourselves for war." That is a statement which, I think, fairly reflects the public mind; but there are wide differences of opinion as to how our economic forces can be most effectively organized, just as there are widely divergent views as to whether legislative compulsion in some form or another is necessary to the effective utilization of our military resources. So far the actual financing of the war has been effected mainly by voluntary loans raised at home, and to a very small extent by increased taxation. But a very brief consideration of the national finances—not the Government finances—will make it clear that the British public cannot go on lending money to the Government unless it makes very drastic changes in its personal and collective habits. Statisticians are agreed that the national income may be estimated at £2,400,000,000, of which in normal times we spent £2,000,000,000 and had the balance of £400,000,000 for fresh investments, roughly half that amount being invested in home industries and half abroad. Some time ago it was estimated that our annual expenditure during the war is about thirteen hundred million sterling. The estimate to-day would probably be higher. As our estimated revenue is £275,000,000, we have to find, somewhere, in order to balance our budget, about a thousand million sterling.

If a private individual with an income of £2,400 a year, of which he spends £2,000 and invests £400, suddenly finds himself one year engaged in a lawsuit which necessitates his procuring, say, £1,400 in cash, it is obvious that not only will he have no money to invest, but that to raise the £1,000 cash required over his surplus for investment, he must either save the money he wants by curtailing his expenditure, borrow it, or sell some of his securities. It is precisely this predicament in which we as a people find ourselves, and the situation is further complicated by the fact that we have to pay so much of the money we are spending on the war to other countries—principally to the United States—so that the exchange with those countries whose debtors we are has now for some time been going steadily against us. It is astonishing how learned we are all becoming in "foreign exchanges." Not a day too soon the Chancellor of the Exchequer is sending a commission of experts, headed by Sir Edward Holden, the chairman of one of our greatest joint-stock banks, to New York to discuss with the financial experts on your side of the water how the normal relationship between the dollar and the pound may be re-established. That is one aspect only of this many-sided problem, but it is one of primary importance.

Meanwhile the "saving" campaign which the Government started simultaneously with the issue of the last war loan is making some progress, though it cannot, I am afraid, be said to have achieved any great measure of success at present. The whole subject bristles with difficulties. You cannot, Burke said, indict a whole people. Nor can you change the habits of a whole people, even under the pressure of such a world-wide catastrophe as this war. Large classes of the population are reducing their expenditure, because they must do so. Their incomes have either disappeared altogether, have been greatly reduced, or have remained stationary, and prices have risen. On the other hand, many sections of the population have larger incomes than they have ever had before. There has never been so little unemployment. The trades unions have seen to it that the increase in the cost of living has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the scale of wages. Skilled workmen are receiving wages which many a professional man can only envy. Speaking broadly, there is in progress a very remarkable turnover in the wealth of the country. The rich man is becoming poorer, the poor man is becoming richer. Thousands of workmen are earning six, eight, and even ten pounds a week. The wages bill of one of the largest armament firms is about £280,000 a week. They employ 70,000 men and women, giving an average weekly wage of £4 for each employee. What are these wage-earners doing with their money? The answer is, of course, that, while some are wisely providing against the inevitable rainy day that must come when industry is once more dislocated by the advent of peace, others are spending their unaccustomed wealth recklessly and foolishly, buying, as one of the employers cynically said to me, "sealskin jackets for their wives, and motor-cycles for themselves." To counteract folly of this kind, to stimulate economy, to preach thrift, the Government has established a "War Saving Committee," and various unofficial organizations have been founded with the same object. There is a "War Economy League," with duchesses, marchionesses, and other titled ladies at its head. Its members are to wear a badge and to sign a pledge, or rather a series of pledges, and these may be quoted as typical of what is being done in this direction. The members pledge themselves: "(1.) Imports: To reduce in every way possible expenditure on imported goods, and strictly to limit the purchase of everything that comes under the category of luxuries. (2.) Dress: To buy as few luxurious articles of clothing as possible. To resist all efforts to introduce new fashions. (3.) Motors: To avoid as far as possible the use of motors, except for necessary or charitable purposes. (4.) Food: To give up all unnecessary entertaining, both at home and at restaurants, and to restrict home consumption to the lowest possible limits. (5.) Household expenditure: In no case to employ men servants, unless ineligible for public service. (6.) Influencing friends and dependents: Members must use their influence to inculcate economy among their friends and dependents."

Will these efforts suffice? Already there are suggestions for compulsory saving, either by means of increased taxation or by compulsory loans. And if there is to be increased taxation, will the wage-earners, so many of

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whom are in receipt of incomes well over the legal minimum of £160, be brought within the operation of the income tax? That is one of the many knotty problems which the coalition Government has to face.

PARLIAMENTARY DAYS IN FRANCE—*UNION SACREE.*

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 4.

Parliament is taking, until the 16th of the month, a three weeks' vacation, well earned and much needed—by the country at large quite as much as by the members. German newspapers were beginning to print in too big headlines—"French Interior Crisis!" Now there has been no crisis in France, not even the tail of one. And the two latest sessions of Parliament—Friday, the 20th, and Thursday, the 26th of August—were truly Parliamentary days.

Such days presuppose members talking among themselves and to others about what they are going to do and what they are not; also, that they have spoken up to Government beforehand. All this the telegraphic agencies have reported in words which led innocent Germans to believe their heart's desire was soon to be realized. Of course, the proposition to have Parliament resolve itself into a committee of the whole and cross-examine Government in secret session must strike the imagination of foreigners accustomed to non-Parliamentary monarchy as in Germany or to a republic equally un-Parliamentary as in America. The secret session has not been held—by common agreement. The very proposition helped to bring these Parliamentary days for saying the secrets in public.

Another condition of such a day is that the newspapers have been exciting public curiosity about it. Accordingly, every place open to the public was occupied during the debate. And this means that fine Parliamentary oratory was expected, and expectation has not been disappointed.

The first day belonged to War Minister Millerand, who has been the storm-centre all along. He is not an orator in the sense of young American debating societies nor of our Congress in spread-eagle times. He is a thick-set, broad-shouldered figure of a man, wearing spectacles and gray moustaches, with a shock of short-cut upstanding gray hair above a square face. His voice, his glance, and his steady manner are those of lawyers; and a very successful lawyer he has been outside of politics. He hammers his argument very effectively into the hearer's head, however hard. And he faces criticism or attack unflinching and with great directness. It was his very frank and clear discussion of the situation which made the first Parliamentary day.

It does not belong to an outsider to sift the underlying political issues, which are suspected of being little more than politicians' quarrels. The suspicion of a mere political crisis, while the country is engaged in a life-and-death struggle, was violently repudiated on all sides. Deputy Varenne, who with the Jaurès Socialists has been urging most the secret session, answered plainly the ultimate question—Are you going, in the face of the enemy, to cast up the account of our cannon and rifles and ammunition?

"There is no middle way, it is the secret session or silence. If you choose silence, it means—and I shall not complain of it—that war in Parliament corridors is over, and that we think only of the other war." Another Socialist member, Albert Poulain, who is fighting at the front and came back expressly for this debate, had already insisted on the soldiers' opinion in one of these corridor conversations, with an untranslatable play of words: "No gallery war (*de travées*) so long as the trench war (*de tranchées*) is going on! For us, the only adversary is the Boche!"

War Minister Millerand, who was called in reality to defend his whole administration from the beginning, uttered the same sentiment: "To preserve due serenity, I have only to keep before my eyes, as we were invited to do the other day by Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber, the thought which does not quit me of those who, at this very moment, are struggling and suffering and dying for us."

This has been, from the first, a part of the *Union sacrée* which sinks political differences while the nation, whole and entire, is struggling for its existence. It has been a tacit rule of all Parliamentary procedure. The surface agitation which seemed to threaten this in the eyes of outsiders has been made the subject of one of those caricatures of Forain which have become historic. Before the Parliament House, three members are engaged in secret confab. One says warningly to the others: "Speak lower—they hear us at the front!"

What alone alarmed patriots was the apprehension of a confusion of powers such as General Grant is said to have avoided by cutting the telegraph lines between himself and Washington. M. Millerand, with his usual courage, spoke out his mind, which a very little reflection showed was the mind of all Frenchmen.

"To leave its full and entire freedom of action to the military power in no way implies the suppression of Parliamentary control [note always that the word "control" is used in the French sense of effective supervision, not of command or direction]. I venture to say, gentlemen, that it is ridiculous to pretend to suspect on such a point the sentiments of a republican who, in a career already long, has never separated the Republic from Parliamentary rule and who, at his modest post, has always been in the first rank of those striving against the attempts of personal power."

This allusion to covert attacks in the press and in conversations he followed up by adopting as his own the words of another, deprecating that "at any moment any confusion should be possible in the army between the Parliamentary power—which you represent—and military authority."

"In war, authority and responsibility cannot be divided up. Each military chief controls the acts of his inferiors and is himself responsible for his acts to his own chiefs. The general commander-in-chief is responsible to Government, which can remove him if it does not approve his acts. There can be no other control during action."

War Minister Millerand read this out impressively and added: "I know nothing clearer, juster, stronger, than this expression of General Joffre. What does it mean except that, like all citizens, public powers must know how in time of war to impose on themselves a voluntary discipline which leaves to the military authority, charged with the operations and responsible for them, the liberty which is indispensable to their success? Of such discipline we have given the example for the year that is past. Our allies count on us to continue; our enemies have hope only in our divisions."

The cause was really already won. The solemn ratification of this political union behind the armed unity of the nation was to be made at a final session, with a renewed declaration from the head of Government such as consecrated the historic session of the opening of war, on the 4th of August a year ago. For this, Prime Minister Viviani's voice was necessary. His eloquence is known, and he was again equal to an occasion such as is offered to few men and in few generations. Of his long speech, which by unanimous vote (except for one disgruntled polytechnician) has been posted up all over France, I select only the one passage which is useful—perhaps necessary—to rectify foreign opinion:

"Ah! I know that the German press, disguising disillusionment behind haughty arrogance or subtle manœuvres, is trying to make out that there are fatal and deadly divisions among Frenchmen. Well, let us speak clearly, in the enemy's face! Yes, there are among us divergences of thought and discordances of speech. To begin with, these are of the very essence of Parliamentary rule, and we have been accustomed to them by the fever which the Revolution gave us. There would be a fatal division if we should perceive somewhere, in some corner of the country, even a restricted collection of citizens who thought of making a shameful peace."

Here the entire House rose to its feet and applauded from every political bench.

"Where is there such a collection? Let it be shown so that unanimous public opinion may reduce it to impotence. As to me, I know only Frenchmen who disagree maybe as to the means but are all of one accord as to the end, who are ready publicly to renew the oath which we made each other a year ago and to say over with our allies—Never shall we lay down our arms until we have made sure the triumph of right, until we have banned beyond possibility the return of like crimes, until we have restored to political and economic independence heroic Belgium, until we have taken back our own Alsace and Lorraine.

". . . Ah, yes! believing in social and religious and political divisions, our enemies imagined that our country was divided beyond reconciliation. What have they seen? Laborer and employer, artisan and peasant, rich and poor, men of every party and religion, all offering themselves to the sacrifice, all fulfilling at once their military and their human duty, their military duty in defending their country and their human duty—as at the hour of the Revolution—in defending the liberty of the world. And now they shall see a Parliament like that which offered the spectacle of that 4th of August . . . and it is for ourselves to regulate our own relations."

From the Right, applauded even by the Socialist Left, Denys Cochin, who has one son slain, one wounded, and one under fire, added "How few among us have been spared by mourning and bitter grief!" Truly, the Union is sacred.

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Zionism and the Struggle Towards Democracy

By H. M. KALLEN.

At the beginning of the great war there were over 100,000 Jews in Palestine. Broadly speaking, they were divisible into two classes, rapidly fusing into one. The first class were mainly inhabitants of Jerusalem, European Jews, who, under the pressure of a religious idea, had gone to Palestine to die, and who, failing death, survived and bred in a sort of Orientalized death-in-life, and were sustained in that condition by the pious charity of other European Jews. The second class were mainly inhabitants of the coastal cities and the agricultural colonies. They were also European Jews. Under the pressure of a social ideal they had adventured into Palestine to live, and having come to live, had brought the message of life and self-respect and independence to those who had journeyed there to die. They built forty-one agricultural colonies with coöperative features; they put into execution, in several of them, significant experiments in economic justice; they built garden-cities, established social settlements, gymnasiums, workingmen's clubs, literary and learned societies, a national drama with community theatres, a national press and a national library, a school of arts and crafts and a public-school system—from the most approved form of the modern kindergarten to excellent gymnasia. They urged and projected a national university, and only the war came in the way of its foundation. In short, they created under the impetus of a profoundly democratic social ideal a spiritually autonomous, characteristic national Jewish life.

The language of this life is Hebrew; its ideal is formulated in the programme of Zionism. The agency by means of which it was being realized is the Jewish National Fund. This fund is the national treasury of the Jewish people. It is the result of a voluntary tax which Jews all over the world levy upon themselves as they choose. Its function is to acquire land in Palestine as the permanent and inalienable property of the Jewish people, and to guide and assist the healthy growth and free expression upon that land of their culture and spirit as "the indispensable ground for the fullest service of the Jewish people to all mankind."

The realization of the Zionist programme is thus, it will be seen, a fact. Although far from consummation, it was, when the war broke out, steadily in progress. Its initiators were a body of tenderly-nurtured young Russian Jews, intellectuals who, although ignorant of the land and its conditions, adventured—because of the immemorial Jewish love for Palestine and in obedience to the urge in them towards a free and self-respecting life as Jews—as pioneers to win this life under an indifferent and sometimes hostile Government, against inimical neighbors and disease, and upon a denuded soil. This enterprise would have been merely another communistic flash-in-the-pan had it not in fact been the symbol of the common will of millions of terrorized and oppressed people, a will which needed only organization and direction to become efficacious.

The necessary organization and direction came to it through the efforts of Theodor Herzl. This brilliant and magnetic leader, ostensibly a Viennese of the Viennese, resident in Paris, was led by his observation of Jewish disabilities and anti-Jewish agitations in Western Europe to conceive a "Judenstaat" whereby the maladjustment might be relieved. His first intention was philanthropic rather than humanistic, the mitigation of an evil, not the creation of a good.

Consequently he took his plan to financial magnates of Jewish extraction all over Europe. These would not listen to him. "Civil rights" for Jews in Western Europe were then hardly a generation old. They had been won at the cost of suppressing and eliminating as much as possible of what was distinctively Jewish; in fact, by denying the reality of Jewish nationality and designating the Jewish people as merely a religious sect. From the complete exercise of these rights the so-called "emancipated Jews," of whom the magnates were the leaders, were still far; to attain it they developed a sort of protective coloration by virtue of which they could not cease to be Jews, but did become amateur Gentiles, ashamed of their Jewish connection and concealing it so far as possible. Withal, although they had cut themselves off to the limit of their power from the Jewish people, they presumed to legislate and speak for them. They were, in fact, the natural successors of the mediæval "Hof-Juden," those mediators between the Jewish masses and the neighboring peoples; but while mediæval conditions had ceased to obtain in Europe, their attitude towards the problems of Jewish life remained, and remains, hieratic and mediæval.

Hence those that listened to Herzl were the intellectuals, who had reflected upon the contradictions in the Jewish position, and the great masses in Eastern Europe, who had neither wished nor needed to destroy their self-consciousness as a nationality. The first Zionist Congress, held in Basle, Switzerland, in 1897, defined the general alignment of the Jews of the world on their own status and destiny. It arrayed the intellectual, the "progressive," and the masses, against the clergy, the radical, the Bundist, and the classes, but it showed in the range and variety of its membership how potent over all differences was the common denominator, Jew. Since the congress the radicals have been slowly coming over, partly through a realization of their own hopeless abstractionism, partly through a realization that Zionism is the one practical answer to the Jewish question, in that it has provided the Jews of the world with a common instrument for its solution, for registering their corporate wishes and carrying out their corporate purposes.

These wishes and purposes were not, however, remedial. They were expressive and constructive. The first congress made much of the tragedy and injustice of the Jews' position, but this fact fell, in the course of the successive congresses, more and more into the background, most conspicuously in Herzl's own mind. Between the publication of his "Judenstaat" and his "Altneuland" he had learned to share the vision of the people. Zionism became first and foremost the Jewish programme of international service through national self-realization, aiming to lay in Palestine the foundations of a new and living Hebraism, which, under modern conditions, should carry into effect the social and spiritual ideals of the Hebrew prophets, and so fulfil, in Mazzini's words, the Jews' "special function in the European work of civilization." Its democracy was double. To the Jews of the world it came as a programme of self-help and social justice within Jewry; giving the same rights and responsibilities to both sexes, and actually trying out experiments in economic organization to abolish the exploitation of one man by another without abolishing the impetus towards individual excellence. To the nations of the world it reasserted the prophetic ideal of internationalism as a democratic and coöperative federation of nationalities, an ideal which Mazzini had formulated for Western Europe half a century before. Zionism asks, in the light of it, the same freedom for the Jewish people to realize its national individuality as a people that is demanded by all European peoples for themselves. Within Jewry and without, it took its stand flatly upon the principles of democracy and nationality.

To do this meant to face the energetic anathema of de-Judaized, anti-Jewish "Jewish" *haute-finance;* to accept the risk of the vengeance of a Russian bureaucracy devoted to the policy of the "Russification" of the Empire by making the Jews scapegoats for the errors and misdemeanors of the Government. Both were faced. The last suspicion of philanthropism was abolished at the sixth congress, in 1903, by the heroic rejection, through the vote of the very groups who might most have benefited by acceptance, of the British offer of a territory in East Africa. That vote declared the people's unchangeable will to place the legally assured home of the Jews in Palestine and nowhere else. It alienated the philanthropically-minded, notably Mr. Zangwill, who, not being democratic enough to accept the decision of the majority, withdrew in 1905, one year after Herzl died, and set up an organization of his own.

The split added to the difficulties which the movement confronted. Nevertheless, the work went on, in Russia against overwhelming difficulties; in the rest of the world against the obstructionist tactics of the well-to-do Jews; in Palestine itself against the uncertainties of the law of the land, the

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irresponsibilities of officials, the enmities of neighbors. Particularly there was the delicate task of teaching the Turks to understand that, since their Empire was organized on the basis of nationalities or *millets* (the term is religious, but it implies nationalities in the Turkish system), an accretion to the Jewish *millet* in Palestine would strengthen the hands of the Empire. Little by little the movement made headway. As its purposes became better understood, it gained the universal respect of the non-Jewish world, and the adherence and sympathy of Jews, particularly of the intellectuals and the young. It brought spiritual freedom and self-respect to the amateur Gentile in the West, giving him an impersonal ideal to live for and international social purpose to attain. For the Jews in Russia, confronted with harsher and harsher measures of repression, it became a gospel of salvation. To Palestine it brought a new life, in the building of which even non-Zionists, particularly in America, coöperated. Willy-nilly, it was becoming the Jewish centre of vision and action for all the Jews of the world, bidding fair by slow and peaceful and largely unconscious development greatly to mitigate, if not to solve, the chronic "Jewish question," when came the war.

The war has made the principles of democracy and nationality for which Zionism stands the paramount issues of contemporary life. Because the Russian bureaucracy, to cover the treachery and incompetence of its officials, has once more made the Jewish people its scapegoat and converted the Pale of Settlement into a Belgium thrice repeated, the war has brought the chronic Jewish question to a crisis. Turkey's participation in it has jeopardized the hard-won beginnings of a generation in Palestine. The tragic anomalies of the Jews' position have never been so explicit, nor the need for healing action so great. Under the circumstances the responsibility has fallen, naturally, upon the Jews of America, and how they will carry it must largely influence the fate of the Jewry of Europe.

With respect to Zionism, the same conditions that obtained among European Jews obtain among American Jews. At the beginning Zionism signified a social programme based on a democratic social philosophy only to the Jewish immigrant; for native American Jews who sympathized with it, its implications were chiefly philanthropic. The changes in sentiment were here the same as in Europe. Most violently opposed by the extreme radicals and amateur Gentiles, it gained its adherents among the intellectuals, the students, the "progressives," and the working classes, and it is from the last, in fact, that its greatest strength comes. The Jewish masses look to Zionism for leadership on all questions pertaining to the Jewish people as a whole. That, in the present crisis, they feel their obligation, and wish to assume the burden of it, any reader of the Jewish press may see. The means proposed is a democratically constituted congress of Jews, and the press, the great fraternal organizations, the *Landsmannschaften*, have united in requesting the Zionists to lead in the formation of this congress. To accept their mandate means to carry the struggle towards democracy within Jewry one step farther. Powerful interests, interests analogous to those which opposed the calling of the first Zionist congress by Herzl, are opposed to such a gathering of Jews, and for analogous reasons. The Zionists have accepted the mandate. They propose to call, in coöperation with all Jewish organizations in the country, a congress which shall be representative of all our Jewish citizenship, and which shall discuss publicly and freely every phase of the Jewish question, shall formulate some programme of action. It is hoped that this may, with the assistance and sympathy of the enlightened public opinion of the one great neutral country, which has done so much to ease the plight of the Belgians, make a way to permanent peace and freedom for oppressed Jews.

Notes from the Capital

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

By keeping him so continually in the public eye as an industrial oracle, the European war has given one resident of Washington the time of his life. This is Samuel Gompers, cigar-maker, agitator, diplomatist, and president of the Federation of Labor. Nothing pleases him more than such publicity, for it is a valuable asset in his business. He has used it for years, with an effect undreamed of by people who do not come into hostile contact with him: witness his successful fight to procure immunity for labor unions under the Anti-Trust law. Congress dares not take a step which touches the labor question at its remotest edge without consulting Gompers. A former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, hoping to train some of his wards into a habit of self-support and teach them the value of a dollar, prepared plans for a series of public improvements on certain reservations—building roads, bridges, storehouses, etc.—on which he was to use Indian labor at the current rates of pay; but, as most of his red workingmen had to come a long distance from home, it was found that an eight-hour day would not answer, so a ten-hour day, with only five working days in the week, was substituted. Some pettifogger protested to the Secretary of the Interior that this arrangement violated the statute limiting to eight hours the working day of all laborers and mechanics employed on Government work. The Commissioner, therefore, proposed to procure an amendment making the statute inapplicable to work done by Indians on their own reservations for their own benefit. When he brought his measure before one of the appropriate committees of Congress, the first question put to him was: "Have you seen Gompers?"

There was no help for it. See Gompers, or drop the subject. Gompers, accordingly, was seen. He vetoed the project at once. It availed not to point out to him that the local conditions were so unusual as to compel a resort to unusual methods; that the Indians were interfering with no other laborers, since, unless the work were done by them, it would be left undone; or that the work was not Government work in the sense intended by the law, being charitable and educational only. A great principle was involved, Gompers declared in oratorical tones, and nothing, however philanthropic, could be permitted to get in its way. So the officer who had pocketed his pride so far as to plead as a favor for what the Government should have demanded as a right, had to abandon his enterprise, and the Indians, who had enjoyed the bare beginnings of a new life, lapsed back into comparative idleness.

In this incident we may read a fair measure of Gompers's intelligence, if we have not already read it in his appearance. Note his big head, heavy foreign features, and burly frame. His face is as hard as a mask, his voice has nothing winsome in it, his manner is forbidding. We can hardly be surprised at learning that in the financial struggle of the early nineties he was on the side of independent free coinage of silver by the United States, or that he found not a little to commend in Coxey's programme of economic reforms. He has always opposed compulsory arbitration as a remedy for industrial troubles, lest it "might react dangerously against the progress of organized labor," which "has too slender means at its command to indulge in dubious experiments." One of the worst mistakes he has made in all his life was his failure to advertise these theories when the ill-fated boycotts were declared against the Bucks Stove & Range Company and the Danbury hatters, or when the dynamite squad headed by John J. McNamara—for whom Gompers vouched as a worthy citizen—undertook their murderous campaign of terrorism a few years ago.

To do Gompers justice, his most conspicuous faults are probably due more to his slow perception of relations and issues which most persons apprehend by instinct, than to deliberate obduracy. In spite of his hard-handed creed, he is not personally a man of violence. I do not recall any instance where he has resorted, in his industrial warfare, to the German submarine practice of firing without warning. He condemns mercilessly the methods of the I. W. W. Whether he would become a Socialist of the advanced type if that offered the only opening for his work for labor reform, it is hard to say—perhaps he would. For the present, however, he sees no need of revolutionizing the whole structure of society in order to make life more comfortable for the wage-earner; the existing organization, based on the competitive idea, seems to him to fit human nature better than any novel scheme of things evolved from mere ratiocination without the support of common experience.

Gompers is of Dutch ancestry, but was himself born in England. This is undoubtedly what makes him feel so competent to teach Americans the way of industrial salvation. He combines in his vocabulary a pretty fair assortment of several languages spoken by our immigrant laborers, so as to be able to make himself understood by almost any restless audience he is called to address on his favorite topic. The perfume of the cigars which he smokes very steadily, when contrasted with the neatness of their wrappers, indicates that his eye is more highly cultivated than his taste.

TATTLER.

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Correspondence.

FROM THE FRONT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are more than kind. I can't say how grateful I am for the parcel of papers. I promise myself a fine feast on them one of these days. What a fine paper the *Nation* is! My card to you (rather cheeky, but circumstances out here are so singular that perhaps you will excuse that) was prompted by a stray copy that came my way (as a matter of fact, a few pages only). So refreshing to read something cool and detached in these days of confusion and madness!

Lucky people you are to be detached! Not that I would have *us* out of it. That would be an unbearable shame (though I, for one, did not realize it till the last moment last year)—worse than the agony of seeing good English blood wastefully drenching the land. That sounds to you an extravagant expression, perhaps, but in the Fertubert attack in May (that happens to be the only actual battle that I have seen at close quarters), so much was pretty well literally true. From the R. A. M. C. standpoint you don't see much of the intoxication and glory of fighting—but what misery and suffering!—measureless woe . . . The other day I recalled from ante-bellum memories a scrap of talk I had with an uncle of mine about the Boer War (then I was a schoolboy). I said: "How could you grown and rational people of thenadavs bear to see the casualty lists in the papers? Could you endure to think what sum of suffering they represented?" A year or two, and myself not seeing undreamt-of casualty lists, but the casualties themselves!

I wonder if any one in America is taken in by talk of the noble human qualities only developed by war? Utter nonsense! One is noble, or just even decent, in spite of war. (How ingrained with civilization we English are to have been so decent out here!)

I take leave of you, my dear sir, with best regards, and homage to the *Nation*.

RICHARD CAPELL.

1798, 6th London Field Ambulance, August 27.

THE PRICE OF WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the months of April, May, and June of this year I was in Paris as one of the resident surgeons of the Harvard University Medical Unit, which was in charge of the University Service at the American Ambulance Hospital. We had the direction of 190 beds, which gave us a very large and varied experience in war surgery. Necessarily my outlook on the war itself was somewhat restricted, but the opportunity to talk with men fresh from battle was unlimited, and this, combined with what I heard from friends who were within the zone of active fighting, gave me gradually a very full appreciation of what is going on and of what the actualities of war consist in. Our wounded often reached the hospital within twenty-four hours of being hit, and sometimes within twelve hours. These men told their experiences with the bitterness towards their enemies which only a war can generate. Some, of course, were too sick and some too unintelligent to tell us much of interest. But many, and indeed most, were eager to give their news, and gave it well. All were French, but the stories told were not only of German inhumanities, but of their own doings, which to them seemed the only possible solution, but to us savored much of the very actions for which we at home are prone to blame chiefly the Germans. I well remember a Zouave sergeant telling with anger, coupled with satisfaction, of an attack two days before his entrance to the hospital. The French stormed and carried the first line of German trenches. His immediate company took about two hundred prisoners. They had to pass on with the general forward movement or be mowed down by a disastrous fire, so they left a mere handful to guard the Germans. The prisoners, however, overpowered their guard and began shooting their former captors from the rear. Turning swiftly, the Zouaves retook these men and, burning with the rage of the moment, lined them up and mowed them down with a machine gun. He told his story simply as a mere event, and, indeed, his only anxiety was how soon should he be able to return to the front and get at "les Boches" once more.

Then, too, I heard definitely of the Germans in Alsace, in the Vosges sector, killing off all the French wounded, and a French officer professed to have seen a struggling French child pinned to its home floor with a German bayonet. Indeed, we learned much of war in those three months, and it is the curious, non-comprehending attitude of those at home which prompts me to write this. It is not written as a mere tirade against war, a mere invective like some outbursts of the anti-bellum feminists, but only that people may try to realize just what war is. I would not condemn war utterly as a thing never to be brought forth, for the need might arise with us at home, but I would only impress as sharply as I may what a terrible thing it is and how very slowly to be entered on. Surely, the reasons for the United States even to presume entrance into the present catastrophe are still quite dormant. For war must be held as a last recourse, and any injured sense of pride or dignity, especially if dependent on a quite unjustifiable, strong diplomatic message, is but a poor excuse.

The arguments put forward commonly as embodying the benefits to be derived from war include patriotism, a sharper nationality, personal bravery, unselfishness, and a great stimulus to religion. All these I accept as facts, and fresh from contact with them know that these attributes do accrue. Personal bravery, unselfishness, and religion are most certain benefits, and the new era of religion in France is a truly great thing. The people find tremendous solace in their churches and in their belief. I attended a great fête-day processional and service in St. Ouen in Rouen, and have never been more impressed with the great power for good that resides in religion in times of stress. The mass of the congregation, mostly women, and almost all in black, left that service with something in their faces that expressed a tremendous satisfaction, as if some immeasurable strength lay behind them. But what of patriotism and a firmer and closer nationality; is it after all so very desirable? There is no doubt about its stimulation through war, for only think of the fervent devotion to a country troops must have once dispersed to their homes after a long defensive war. It is, indeed, incalculable. Yet I am struck by this danger, that the intensely patriotic land is the very one most easily touched off to war.

Now, what have we against war? Well, we have everything that comes within the scope of its actualities, besides almost all its results. Then, as if this were not enough to convince one, there is the absolute futility of the game itself, the barrenness of material advantages, the waste, not only without gain, but with an actual loss. Even from the coldest philosophical view, the loss far outweighs the gain. For the loss is immeasurable, whether measured in the exchange of mankind, money, or in that of God, which includes such things as life, suffering, rape, torn and crippled children, horror, anguish, starvation, sickness, and death. Yes, there can be no expressions too horrible here, for war is quite beyond description. Modern war knows no limitations, for now it is not armies who fight, but whole nations, and each must win. Victory is the only defence, so it must be sought at all cost. So there must be new rules drawn. But it is still further a new game, in that the rapid-fire gun, the submarine, and the heavier-than-air machines have brought in new possibilities for destruction and terror. So one sees the absurdity of applying any of our obsolete codes of international law and rules of warfare to the present catastrophe. Here is where the ideas of our friends at home seem most off the track and most puerile. They seem to have failed to grasp the entire situation, and look at it as from fifty years back. I find people wild still over the incident of the Lusitania, and some even demanding the entrance of the United States into the maelstrom. It seems, I suppose, cruel and brutal to say so, but I find no especial enmity against the Germans for this single incident, for, first, old rules cannot hold good, and, secondly, it is no worse than, if indeed as bad as, what is occurring daily in the war zones of the great armies. Is it, indeed, worse than the shelling of populated and defenceless towns, the rape of women, the killing of children, the dropping of bombs on hospitals, the use of poisonous gases to asphyxiate the enemy, the shooting of prisoners in groups of as many as two and three hundred, or, indeed, than the single cases of terribly lacerated and infected wounds which reach the great base hospitals from the front each day? Early in June I saw an encampment of British troops at Rouen, some 100,000 or more. How many, think you, now tread the ground alone and unsupported? For in these days the daily casualties total many thousands. Oh, it is all so much worse than one can imagine that single incidents cannot seem so very large, nor a single horror bring any special rancor to my soul. And here I do not want people to think that I depict only one side of the situation, for such horrors as the shooting of prisoners occur frequently on the side of the Allies, too.

And I came home to find even my own people wondering if we hadn't better get into the war! What, I beg of you, could we benefit, or any one else? What gain can be worth the price? And what now could be our justification? As an old officer in one of our wards said, "Keep your people out; there are enough in it now; and if they seem set on it, let them see only five kilometres of the front, and that will suffice to keep them out." I, who have heard at first hand of soldiers finding children pinned to the floor with a bayonet in them, who have talked with men who have seen babies torn and quarter-

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ed, and with those who have turned machine guns loose on two hundred unarmed prisoners like so much leaden spray to relieve an attacking party of an encumbrance, have some idea of the horror, brutality, and terror of the game. It is a lesson one cannot learn from books, for other wars were not of this kind and worked under a different set of rules, so those at home cannot hope to appreciate how bad things are, and how cheap life is on the other side.

War to me has become a terrible Demon, overstepper of all the limits of humanity, charity, and Christianity, and I shall feel intensely depressed until all danger of my country entering into it has passed. Though I believe myself personally not to be a coward, I would accept many a slight and insult in quiet restraint rather than enter into such a maelstrom, for my reason depicts the futility, and my sight and hearing have taught me its horror. The price is beyond conception, and I would impress this on all.

ELLIOTT C. CUTLER.

Boston, Mass., September 15.

[With our correspondent's feeling concerning the horror and brutality of war, and especially this war, every one must agree. But his confusion of thought in regarding the calculated and appalling crime of the Lusitania massacre as merely an ordinary item in the long count of war's fearful incidents we cannot allow to pass unnoticed. And the same confusion exists in what he says concerning atrocities on land. The odium the German cause has had to bear on this head rests not on miscellaneous charges of sporadic barbarity, but on clear proof of systematic terrorism and rapine.—ED. THE NATION.]

A FOREIGN MISTRESS OF FRENCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reading your interesting article on "Foreign Masters of English" (*Nation*, August 12, 1915), I note that your contributor rightly quotes the example of José Maria de Hérédia, who, though a Cuban by birth, showed himself, in one small volume of verse, a supreme master of the French language. Another appropriate instance would be Madame de Noailles, born and educated in Rumania, the best of the living female poets in France. But the natives of Cuba and of Rumania have imbibed a Latin language, and, when they take up French as a poetical medium, the difficulty, though great, is not overwhelming. The case is quite different when a girl, born in England of a Scotch father and an American mother (from Honolulu), begins to write French verse at the age of twenty-one, and in the brief space of ten years produces some of the very finest examples of poetry, not only in French, but in any literature. That girl, Pauline Tarn, who assumed the *nom de plume* of Renée Vivien, died of exhaustion in Paris, in October, 1909. I called attention to her in *Notes and Queries* (June 20, 1914, p. 488), as to one of the most astounding literary phenomena of our time. As she is yet little known, even in Paris, I have repeatedly found the occasion of reading some of her poetry to good judges who overlooked her name, and have witnessed the growing emotion and admiration of the listener, culminating in the verdict that nothing finer had ever been written in French. Pauline Tarn's vein was somewhat monotonous, and she was, if I may say, short-breathed; her longest poems do not extend to one hundred lines. She could not have written "Jocelyn" nor "Rolla." But Hérédia, too, was a poet of short breath; where quality is appreciated above any flow of facility and eloquence, the shortness of Pauline's poems must only enhance their exquisite and almost unparalleled perfection. Her volumes of verse are obtainable in Paris from Lemerre & Sansot; the two best are "Etudes et préludes" and "A l'heure des mains jointes." Allow me to quote a specimen from the former, of which I have had the privilege of seeing the manuscript, finished in June, 1900; Pauline, born in 1878, was only twenty-two when she wrote those glorious lines, in which, as I have authority to state, she depicted her own mood and vein of thought.

BACCHANTE TRISTE.

Le jour ne perce plus de flèches arrogantes
Les bois émerveillés de la beauté des nuits,
Et c'est l'heure troublée où dansent les Bacchantes
Parmi l'accablement des rythmes alanguis.

Leurs cheveux emmêlés pleurent le sang des vignes,
Leurs pieds vifs sont légers comme l'aile des vents,
Et le rose des chairs, la souplesse des lignes,
Ont peuplé la forêt de sourires mouvants.

La plus jeune a des chants qui rappellent le râle:
Sa gorge d'amoureuse est lourde de sanglots.
Elle n'est point pareille aux autres—elle est pâle,
Son front a l'amertume et l'orage des flots.

Le vin où le soleil des vendanges persiste
Ne lui ramène plus le généreux oubli;
Elle est ivre à demi, mais son ivresse est triste,
Et les feuillages noirs ceignent son front pâli.

Car elle se souvient des baisers qu'on oublie,
Elle n'apprendra pas le désir sans douleurs,
Elle qui voit toujours avec mélancolie
Au fond des soirs d'orgie agoniser les fleurs. . . .

I have read many letters written by Pauline in simple, good-natured, unpretentious English; but though she admired Keats and Swinburne (sometimes imitating the latter), I think that she never wrote and am sure that she never printed a line of English poetry. Her friends in Paris, where she passed the greater part of her life, were almost all English and American; her colloquial language was English; but that of her heart, of her enthusiasms, and of her sorrows was French. Guided by an unerring sentiment of euphony, inspired by the very genius of the language, she immediately rose to a perfect grasp of French lyricism at its best; there is not one unidiomatic line, not one journalistic platitude in her works. The only parallel I could quote is the last of the great Roman poets, the Greek Claudian, a native of Alexandria.

SALOMON REINACH.

Saint Germain en Laye, August 25.

THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your "Foreign Correspondence" you describe the Union of Democratic Control and certain other societies as forming "the most insignificant of backwaters in the current of British opinion." Would you allow me to state that the Union of Democratic Control and its affiliated societies have an aggregate membership of a quarter of a million and that the U. D. C. itself has already above sixty branches scattered all over Great Britain? The object of the U. D. C. is not "to ride off on a general condemnation of war." Its objects are, shortly, as follows: (1.) To secure control of foreign politics for the people. (2.) To prevent the forcible annexations of provinces or countries against the wishes of their inhabitants. (3.) To bring about the abandonment of the "Balance of Power" policy, and to institute a real "concert of Europe." (4.) To secure the reduction of armaments and the nationalization of armament works.

May I mention, also, as your London correspondent seems to have given a contrary impression, that the U. D. C. has always held that it is imperative that the war once begun should be prosecuted to a victory for our country?

ADRIAN STEPHEN.

London, England, September 6.

A BELGIAN POET'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago a number of us Belgians met around a table. We were artists, writers, poets, whom the destinies of life have now widely separated. We had graduated from different Belgian universities, and we were comparing our college souvenirs. That perfect poet, Charles van Lerberghe, Maurice Maeterlinck, and the painter, Theo van Rysselberghe, whose work has received much praise of late at the San Francisco exhibition, were all from the Flemish University of Ghent. That sagacious critic and pure singer, Albert Mockel, took his degree in heroic Liège, while impetuous and great Verhaeren had as his *alma mater* poor Louvain. The admirable novelist, Eugène Demolder, whose style is so full of color—as witness "La Route d'Emeraude" and the "Jardinier de la Pompadour"—and I had been undergraduates together in the now insulted Brussels, where I studied law and philosophy.

That evening, when we sat at the table, we talked on gayly about various things, and we argued ardently over arts and letters. Finally our thoughts and words got on to America, and then we all saw only the same names, which shone like hallucinating beacon-lights across the ocean. There stood your piercing, subtle Whistler, and those two poets of genius, so different and so opposed to one another—Poe, whose imagination was always governed by the will, by the intelligence and taste; and by contrast, that rough and tumultuous Walt Whitman, that world of visions so well defined in these lines of his:

In a little house keep I pictures suspended: it is not a fix'd house;
It is round: it is only a few inches from one side to the other.
Yet behold, it has room for all the shows of the world, all memories!
Here the tableaux of life, and here the groupings of death.
Here, do you know this?—this is Cicerone himself.
With finger rais'd he points to the prodigal pictures.

Walt Whitman, Edgar Poe, and Whistler were all we knew or wished to know about the United States. Maeterlinck, it is true, mentioned Emerson, and our youthful memories still kept alive scenes from Fenimore Cooper. Some of us were not wholly ignorant of Washington Irving and Longfellow, nor of Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain, and we had read or been influenced by Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" and Miss Cummins's "Lamplighter." And that was all. In a word, we had but a very confused idea of America, and we knew no Americans.

But to-day the whole face of things has changed. In this crisis we do not stop with

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what appears, in the case of certain statesmen, to be something, more or less comprehensible, that resembles tergiversation, hesitation. We Belgians grasp fully but one thing, well expressed in words of our poet Verhaeren, "in the smallest Belgian hamlet floats on a house the star-spangled banner," and there it is that our compatriots, during this long and grievous martyrdom, find assured them a little comfort and solace; there they are fed, thither they hasten in order to escape from the ravages of biting famine.

And when I think of my unfortunate fellow-countrymen caught in that terrible net, I overflow with thanks which come from the very bottom of my heart to you Americans. Memory of you will dwell with us forever. You have won our immeasurable gratitude. Without any thought of reward of even a spiritual nature, you hurried to the succor of a shattered and oppressed people. And may you therefore be ever twice and three times blessed!

ANDRE FONTAINAS.

Paris, September 2.

Poetry

SPEED.

By LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I. The Motor: 1905.

From hedgerows where aromas fain would be
New volleyed odours execrably rise;
The flocks, with hell-smoke in their patient eyes,
Into the ditch from bawling ruin flee:
Spindrift of one abominated sea
Along all roads in wrecking fury flies
Till on young strangled leaf, on bloom that dies,
In this far plot it writes a rune for me.

Vast intimate tyranny! Nature dispossessed
Helplessly hates thee, whose symbolic flare
Lights up (with what reiterance unblest!)
Entrails of horror in a world thought fair.
False God of pastime thou, vampire of rest,
Augur of what pollution, what despair?

II. The War: 1915.

Speed without ruth, seedsman of vile success,
Accustomed sight to ne'er-accustomed view!
Am I not vindicate who strongly knew
Some portent there of pregnant ugliness?
The dooms are in; my soul hath won her guess.
That which formed thee and franchised, had the cue
To push all rudeness forward, and was due
To spawn ere long the sovereign menace. Yes,
Horror has come, has come! Horror set high,
And drunk with boundless access, whirls amain:
Lost on the wind is Belgia's holy cry,
And Poland's hope shrinks underground again,
And France is singing to her wounds, where lie
The golden English heads like harvest grain.

Literature

THE GERMAN WAR-PARTY.

J'Accuse! Von einem Deutschen. Lausanne: Payot & Cie. 4 frs.

I Accuse! By a German. Translated by Alexander Gray. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

If Zola should come forth from the Pantheon he would not deem unworthy this eloquent arraignment of the German war-party "by a German." In the name of justice, of truth, and of Germany's best interests the anonymous author dissects with merciless force the follies, self-contradictions, and perversions of truth with which Bethmann-Hollweg has fed a too docile German people. By using the Chancellor's Reichstag speeches, which are printed in an appendix, and by analyzing the various diplomatic papers which have been published, he effectively condemns the Chancellor out of his own mouth.

His purpose is sincerely patriotic:

The confidence of the German people has been basely abused by its leaders and rulers. Their eyes, which once saw so clearly, have been wrapped in the gloom of ignorance. . . . From the *populo male informato* I appeal to the *populum melius informandum*. . . . You say that the Truth helps our enemies? You great children, who shut your eyes to escape danger. Long ago the enemy knew the truth. . . . So I finish my book as I began it, with a clean conscience, and with the sure feeling of having done a good work, and, if justice is done, of having deserved the thanks of my country (pp. 420-423).

As acknowledgment of authorship would be dangerous, and as such a book could not be printed in Germany, it was entrusted to a Swiss, Dr. Anton Suter, who had it printed at Lausanne. Even then it was deemed advisable to omit certain passages, and these are indicated by blank spaces. In spite of this emasculation, it is still so powerful an indictment of a neighboring state that the Swiss authorities, so it is reported, have forbidden its sale and transmission through the mails—but not until after many thousand copies had been sold. Who is the author? He answers himself:

A German who loves his Fatherland like any one else; and just *because* he loves it, he wrote this book. Born on German soil, trained in German culture, German in his ancestry, his speech, and his thought, he knows all the virtues of the German people, but he also knows their failings and their weaknesses (p. 420).

Having read the book in the German original as well as in the English translation, which is excellent, the reviewer believes that all the internal evidence, with the possible exception of the question of the omitted passages, supports the truth of the author's assertion about himself. There are other incidental indications that he is at least fifty years of age, that he has probably studied at a German university, that he has spent several years in France, and that he is acquainted with the United States. In fact, he was evidently returning from America to Munich and Berlin via Genoa a few weeks after the war broke out. That he is well-read and well-educated is suggested by his admiration for Tolstoy, his quotations (in English) from Swift, Hume, and Buckle, his apt use of French phrases, his frequent application of maxims from the Roman law, and his numerous references to German literary writers. He appears to have a legal habit of thought. A couple of expressions condemning anti-Semitism are not enough to write him down a Jew. But his apparent presence at the adoption of the Peace Manifesto of the Internationale at Berne in 1912, his references to Bebel, and his habit of quoting from *Vorwärts*, show his kinship with the Social Democrats.

Here is the indictment:

That the plans and preparations for this war have long been made by Germany and Austria, not only from a military, but also from a political point of view;

That for long it had been resolved to represent this offensive war to the German people as a war of liberation, because it was known that only thus could the necessary popular enthusiasm be awakened;

That the object of this war is an attempt to establish a hegemony on the Continent and, as a later sequel, the acquisition of England's power in the world according to the principle "Ote-toi de là que je m'y mette" (p. 34).

By "Germany" here he means not the German people, not even the German Government, but the war party in Germany which secured the upper hand on July 29, 1914. In the chapter on The Historical Antecedents of the Crime he gives a damning review of the activities and growth of this party in the last dozen years—Bernhardi, the Crown Prince, the "place in the sun" business, and the agitation for colonial expansion. He properly reminds the colonial enthusiasts that emigration from Germany has fallen to negligible numbers, and is actually exceeded by immigration into Germany from Poland and elsewhere; also that the German colonies have no material value for the Fatherland, for the trade with the colonies amounts to less than one-half of one per cent. of the total foreign trade of Germany. "Our best customers are, in fact, precisely those countries which we never have possessed, and which we never can possess: England, Russia, France, Italy, America, Brazil, and Argentina—these are our true colonies. These are the countries which open to the German merchant inexhaustible fields of activity, where in free competition with the trading nations of the world he can spread his pinions and make his efficiency felt." He contrasts the Germans in the United States, who to a large extent assume American nationality, with those in South America, who for the most part hold firm to their German nationality. Which German is of more value to the Fatherland? The former, he believes. For the Germans who are naturalized in the United States do not by any means lose their German character and Ger-

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man sympathies. They retain their knowledge of German wares and methods and open channels for the introduction of German products into the country of their adoption. They assure for Germany at the close of the war cordial friends and business relations in the United States, when in other countries bitterness and hate will make impossible the renewal of the peaceful penetration of German commerce in anything like the same proportions as before the war. Germans in South America, however, who retained their German nationality, were summoned home as reservists, and the businesses which they had been patiently building up were ruined at a blow. It is only one of the conventional Imperialist lies to assert, as is repeatedly done, that the German who assumes a new nationality is a loss for the Fatherland.

Particularly effective is the author's account of Germany's obstructive policy at the two Hague Conferences, and her refusal to come to a reasonable understanding with Lord Haldane in 1912, or to answer in any way Winston Churchill's suggestion for a naval holiday. It was Germany's fault that armaments went on increasing enormously, with the inevitable consequent increase of suspicion and increase of influence of those who deliberately schemed for war.

Half the volume is devoted to "The Crime"—to the negotiations in the days preceding the war by which Austria and Germany obstructed efforts for peace and deliberately threw Europe into a general conflict. Lack of space forbids any examination of the points against Austria and Germany which he makes in his analysis of the diplomatic papers. Many of them are very shrewd and expressed with telling effect. A few of them, however, do not appear to the reviewer to rest on satisfactory proof or sound premises. Aside from these, he is usually well-informed and accurate.

What he says of the Kaiser's probable part is not new, but is worth noting. He believes that the Kaiser, on return to Berlin, was sincerely inclined to peace. But he was surrounded by a powerful war party, and soon began to oscillate between his own peaceful inclination and their bellicose insistence. Finally, on the afternoon of July 29, in the interview with the Chancellor at Potsdam, he was won over definitely to the resolution to embark on war. "The influences which drove the still hesitating Emperor to resolve on war cannot be proved, but it is possible to guess at them. People who are in a position to know say that those occupying the leading military positions, supported by the Crown Prince and his retainers, threatened the Emperor with their resignation *en bloc* if war were not resolved on" (pp. 188-9). Certain it is that directly after this interview the Chancellor summoned Sir Edward Goschen, and in view of his fear that "a European conflagration might become inevitable," proceeded to make the "strong bid for British neutrality" (British Blue-Book, No. 85). In this connection the author calls attention to the remark which the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg had made, in passing, to Sazonoff three days before: measures of mobilization were highly dangerous nowadays, "for in that event the purely military consideration of the question by the General Staffs would find expression, and if that button were once touched in Germany, the situation would get out of control." The German Government takes very good care not to include in its White Book this self-confession, but the Austrian Government, with less prudence, reports it in No. 28 of the Red Book.

This is the kind of discussion which may gradually enlighten the masses in the Fatherland and change their attitude; then it may be that this war will be settled in the Reichstag and not on the battlefield.

CURRENT FICTION.

The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Judge Grant here tells another story in the leisurely and formal, not to say stiff and long-winded, manner of "The Chippendales." Its material is quite the current thing—sex and The Sex. The heroine is an intolerably priggish and conceited Middle-Western young woman, who, having married a very decent sort of young man, becomes in her own mind a high priestess of the new cult of feminism. Equal rights and opportunities, a sharing of domestic responsibilities, independent pocket-books, a single standard of moral conduct, that is to say, misconduct—these are the principles upon which she founds her action, and, alas, her conversation. The stilted and school-ma'amly style in which the impeccable Mary is wont to lecture her long-suffering Oliver makes the gorge rise. It is hard to be patient with him for enduring so much.

Mary presently takes into her head to become a successful architect, and does so, to the tune of eight thousand a year. She has had no training, which only shows what women can do. To carry on her profession, she has to leave her children and husband largely in the hands of another woman, who is of the old-fashioned helpless clinging type. Oliver, his Minerva being otherwise engaged, in due season succumbs to the charm of his Eve. To be frank, it is hard to forgive Judge Grant for fetching Mary as it were by the scruff of the neck to be witness of the first embrace of the potentially guilty pair. However, that is what he does, and, of course, virtuous Mary is outraged, and takes herself and her children away from the contaminating neighborhood of Oliver, who really loves only her all the time. Years pass. There is no divorce, but Mary and Oliver live apart, and prosper apart, in a material sense. Oliver becomes Governor of his State. Finally he tires of the situation, and puts it plainly to Mary that unless she will take him back there is going to be a divorce and he is going to marry the former partner of his potential guilt. This fetches Mary; and the curtain goes down comfortably (for the reactionary spectator), with Mary "nestled there, her heart against his heart," and murmuring: "It seems that whether I was in the right or in the wrong, nothing counts any longer except that I love you, Oliver, and that you say that you love me. This must be because I am a woman after all."

Of course, there is no real dignity in this conclusion; the whole performance is artificial, and, alas, commonplace.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist. By "Q" (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Q" shows here one of his familiar Cornish fishing villages, but with war in the offing. "Nicky-Nan" is Nicholas Nanjivell, an aging fisherman disabled by a "growth" which he has done his best to conceal, but which becomes of use when war breaks out. For he has no interest in the war, takes it as a personal affront, and is glad to be released from his duties as a Naval Reservist on the score of his ailment. He learns that it can probably be cured, but prefers to suffer rather than be made eligible for service. Moreover, at the moment when the war breaks out he has discovered a hoard of gold, which gives him fresh interest in life. In short, he is the elderly egotist of all ranks and lands. The only thing that really concerns him is the sluggish maintenance of his infinitesimal "rights."

But there is good blood in Nicky-Nan, and this is the story of its awakening. To him among a mere handful in Polpier village comes at last the sense of duty to England; and we leave him going off, having made fair disposition of his treasure, to the operating-table, whence, if he survives, he is going to join the colors. It is grim duty, not glory or any fancied service of The Right, which leads Nicky-Nan. The spirit of the book is contained in the speech of the young volunteer who opens the eyes of Nicky-Nan:

> He swung about upon the elders upon the platform with an accusing finger. "We've got to go because you've brought this thing about, or have let it come about. It don't matter to me, much. . . . But we've to wipe up the muss; and if the young men must go an' wipe it up, an' if for them there's never to be bride-ale nor children, 'tis your doin' an' the doin' o' your generation all over Europe. A pretty tale, too, when up to a fortni't ago your talk was o' peace an' righteousness. . . . I'll fight well enough, maybe, when it comes to 't. But why were we brought up one way, to be tortured turnin' our conscience to another?"

It may be possible to call the book a recruiting-tract—a tract, however, from the hand of a master.

Tourbillon, or The King of the Whirlwinds. By Estelle R. Updike. New York: The Abingdon Press.

A fairy person who comes when the wind is high and whose head is made of an

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electric-light bulb is a friend worth cultivating, as Pierre Renaud, alias Imp, found out to his joy one Christmas Eve. Especially comforting was he when he "put his hands on his thin sides and paced very slowly back and forth on the foot rail," hearing the Imp's troubles, and planning to send his messengers hither and yon upon all the winds that blow to bring help from over the sea. Especially delightful was it to know that up behind the lights of the great dome of the Post Office were stationed *all* the Tourbillons, looking down like Comic Spirits upon the windworn wayfarers of a winter's night. This is a charming book for children. And to those children who are tired of tinsel skirts and silver crowns, this new kind of fairy, made from a good thought, a bit of wind-whirled dust, and a good-sized pinch of lightning, will be a choice change.

A NEW EDITION OF WALTER MAP.

Walter Map. De Nugis Curialium. Edited by Montague Rhodes James. New York: Oxford University Press.

Walter Map, courtier, ecclesiastic, and wit, has given in his "De Nugis Curialium" not just what the reader expects, if he expects a complete picture of court-life in the reign of Henry II. There are incidental scenes of the court, but many other scenes, quite as interesting when one gets accustomed to the plan. At first there seems to be no plan in the medley of history, homily, and anecdote. Hoary legends and recent repartee, contemporary miracles and Classical myths, suggestions of the Arabian Nights and suggestions of the Decameron, attacks on heretics and on cardinals, tales of knight-errantry, goblins and devils, touches of drama both comic and tragic, worldly-wise ribaldry and childlike piety—all this and more one will find in Walter Map's scrap-book. He runs the gamut of the emotions as jauntily as Martial himself. Since the researches of Hauréau, scholars have hesitated to speak of Map as the author of the Goliardic poems, formerly attributed to him, but there are eminently Goliardic bits in the "De Nugis Curialium." If the work has a unity, it is not of contents, but of spirit. The author is not a mere collector of good stories; he is a satirist, observing mankind from a tower of contemplation. He is modern in temperament, that is, like Horace and other masters of the most effective satire, interested in the life about him rather than in the glories of a supposedly perfect past. Map might have called his work "De Nugis Omnium Hominum," adding, in the mediæval fashion, "et quibusdam aliis rebus."

We welcome a new edition of Walter Map, especially as the editor is the distinguished mediævalist, Dr. Montague James. As the work had been already published, however poorly, by Thomas Wright, its inclusion in the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" smacks rather of Dublin than of Oxford. There is but one manuscript extant, a Bodleian codex of the fourteenth century, two hundred years remote from the author's times, though a part of the book, the famous anti-matrimonial treatise entitled "Valerius ad Rufinum," was separately and anonymously circulated, and exists in numerous copies. It attracted the attention of various commentators, who attributed it to some Roman Valerius; Map's humorous prediction that remote posterity would number him with the ancient authors was fulfilled sooner than he knew. Dr. James's partial list of his alterations of Wright's text shows an incontestable advance. There are many puzzles still to solve. For instance, in the blurred passage on page 125, 17, *cuiusquam* should replace the unintelligible *antequam*, the two words looking very much alike when abbreviated.

The editor has studied Map's literary models with great care, printing the borrowed or quoted words in italics and giving in the margin the names of the authors from whom they are taken. Map gives the impression of one well-read in both the Classics and the Fathers, though Lucretius and Tacitus should probably not be included in the list. The "Vita Antonii" cited by Dr. James is doubtless that of St. Jerome, whose other biographies of hermits were known to Map. His acquaintance with Terence and with Virgil's Georgics is more intimate than is indicated in this edition; in one striking passage (p. 105, 23), a bit of the Georgics is immediately succeeded by a quotation from St. Paul—Map treats the poor Pagans as tolerantly as Dante, and, in fact, the Middle Ages in general did. He flings a phrase of Ovid's at the unhappy Waldensians, discomfited by him in theological debate; they tried, he says, like Phaëthon, to drive without knowing the names of the horses. His jibes at the Cistercians would have roused the envy of Pope, had the latter read this "classic of an age that knew of none." True to their precepts, Map declares, the Cistercians dwell in desert places, which, if they do not find desert, they make so. Their renunciation of life's pleasures is not wholly unproclaimed; like the pastoral Galatea, they "run to the copses and hope that they run not unseen." We are sometimes given to understand that mediæval writers quoted the Classics only to bolster up sound doctrine. There is really no difference in the practice of authors like Map and John of Salisbury, and, let us say, the contributors to the *Spectator* in the age of Queen Anne.

Map's style is a curious affair. In its best and simplest form, the rustic manner of which he was ashamed, it achieves something of the success of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and the master of them all, Ovid. Too often, however, Map follows that path of rhetorical complexity which, starting in the Roman empire with Apuleius, Sidonius, and Martianus Capella, led to a *reductio ad absurdum* in the amazing hieroglyphics of the "Hisperica Famina," only to continue its course in later writers of prose. Assonance, antithesis, and involution are its essence; its highest art is to combine a pun and a contrast in an unintelligible phrase. Map has hundreds of puns; wit is an accident and sound the substance of their being. Artificiality is also apparent in the rhythmical tags which end not only sentences, but clauses. This is the clue to the elaborate punctuation in the manuscript which Dr. James notes, but which he does not adopt in his own text. Perhaps it is well, at the expense of veracity, to conceal this tasteless adornment and let the many interests of the "De Nugis Curialium" speak without hindrance to the modern reader. We can forgive anything, especially at the present moment of international complications, in the author who preserves the following utterance of a French courtier.

"Kings have their differences," the latter declared. "The Byzantine Emperor and the King of Sicily boast of their gold and cloth of silk, but have no men who can do aught but talk. The Roman Emperor, as the ruler of the Germans is called, has men well-armed and steeds of war, but not gold or silk or any other wealth." (Kultur was not yet introduced.) "The English King lacks nothing; not men or steeds or gold or silk or gems or fruits. We in France have only bread and wine and the *joie de vivre*." "I noted that saying," adds Map, "for it is both witty and wise."

SEVEN MILLION COUNTRY GIRLS.

The American Country Girl. By Martha Foote Crow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

Martha Foote Crow calls attention to the singular fact that, while there have been tons of paper devoted to the farmer, reams filled on the farm woman, together with a volume about farm children, hers is the first book about the country girls of America, of whom there are some seven millions between the ages of fifteen and thirty. They surely deserve special consideration, not only because of their great number, but because on their attitude depends the future of American farming. What will become of our six million farmsteads if an ever-increasing proportion of these girls should follow their brothers cityward, as they seem inclined to do? Can this calamity be averted? The author thinks it can, and in thirty chapters she sets forth her ideas as to how country life can be made so attractive to the girls that the lure of the city will cease to mislead them. She shows how success has been won by many women in *manning* the farms—doing all the work themselves; but the better way is for them "to *woman* them, to *lady* them, to *mother* them, and so make them centres of wholesome, interesting life that, if the girls do their part, shall be the very heart and fibre of the nation." We are naturally "a country-life people"; the bogey of the all-absorbing city has frightened us, and started the "Country-Life Movement." The present volume, if widely read, will do much to help along that movement.

Having concluded that just now no information is so important as the answer to the question: "Is the country girl happy?" the

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author set about to get answers to that question from the girls themselves. Prof. Martha Van Rensselaer, of Cornell University, kindly shared with her some of the results of a questionnaire on The Young Woman on the Farm, which was sent out by the Home Economics Department of that University; and much additional direct testimony came to the author herself, so that the chapters concerned with this question constitute a sort of composite photograph—a glimpse of the real life of girl workers on farmsteads. It is encouraging to note how many of the girls, though hard-worked, enjoy their life. In their vivid accounts of their everyday doings one comes frequently across phrases like "We often declare that we would not live in the city for anything"; "If some university can help me to make my days more elastic, so that they can compass all my joys comfortably, I shall be glad." Other girls dwell on their love of farm animals, of flowers, of their scenic surroundings, their excursions and social gatherings, and so on, giving the impression that in their cases the joy of work and the joy of living are inseparable. The homesteaders in the Far West love their wild surroundings and are not oppressed by a sense of loneliness. "I do not think we miss the outside world," writes a young woman from Wyoming, "as there is something about this country that, after a time, fills one's whole thoughts, and it is hard to remember that there is any other world than this."

There is, of course, another side, which affects the composite portrait of the country girl. One of the cases referrred to is that of a young girl a mere list of whose daily chores takes up nearly two printed pages. There are not a few cases like it, and the author truly remarks that it cannot be well for a nation that girls should be required to endure such strains as the one referred to: the "sixteen-hour day of unremitting, heavy, and exacting work imposed upon a young girl between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, in one of the largest and most prosperous farming States of this country." The girl in question escaped a breakdown by running away—which is what will happen in increasing numbers unless conditions are remedied and the happiness of country-workers scientifically striven for. "The drudgery point must be reduced till labor becomes a joy" to all. The trouble at present is that the scientific labor-saving devices have mostly been applied in the field and the barn, the workshop of the woman being still the worst in the world. Lists are given of labor-saving devices that would help. The author may be too sanguine in expecting that the time now spent on dish-washing and other household drudgery may be reduced from eighteen hours to two hours; but a great deal can be done to secure leisure for the rest, reading, social intercourse, and entertainments needed to make country girls happy. There are chapters here on each of these aspects of the question, and on others, such as health (with concise rules), dress, wages, etc.

One of the main reasons for the cityward procession of girls is that on the farm they get no wages. They hear of city workers receiving from $6 a week up, and, in complete ignorance of what that means in the way of drudgery, privation, temptation, and lack of health and happiness, flock to town, where, in place of the spacious farm-house, they have for their home the "hall-bedroom of that tragic book, 'The Long Day,' which so painfully portrays the conditions of work for girls in a great city. The Country Girl in her home, with her housework about her, is in a paradise compared with conditions such as these." The author severely censures parents, teachers, and ministers for neglecting to impress this fact on the minds of country girls, thousands of whom might easily be kept where they are most needed, and most likely to be happy. The facts gathered between the covers of this book will make it clear to any bright girl that there is a career for one like her in the country as well as in the city; and that, so far as happiness is concerned, "there is a forbidding solitariness in the city that is to that of the country as a desert is to a garden." If money is essential to happiness, the country girl, with her vegetable gardens, her canning clubs, her chickens, her cows and dairy products, and the prizes to be won, now has abundant and ever-increasing opportunities to earn her pocket-money and much more. Interesting details are given regarding a Southern girl of fifteen who won several prizes with her garden and dairy products and had free trips to the Pacific Coast and to Washington, where she was presented to the President's wife.

SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

Le Groupe socialiste du Reichstag et la Déclaration de guerre. Par P.-G. La Chesnais. Paris: Armand Colin. 1 fr. 50.

The attitude of the German Social Democrats during the preliminaries of the war, and especially the conduct of the representatives of the party in voting the war credits in the Reichstag, M. La Chesnais has made the subject of a keen investigation. This little book furnishes some interesting documentary evidence which it is difficult to obtain elsewhere. The author, who is himself a Socialist, has gone for much of his material to the files of the *Vorwärts* of Berlin and the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Vienna. The citations from these newspapers are numerous and at times lengthy. Where the reviewer has had opportunity to compare them with the originals, he has found that the latter have been faithfully rendered in the French translations. Also much valuable information is divulged concerning the proceedings of the Socialists at international conferences, in party caucuses, etc.

It is M. La Chesnais's firm conviction that the Social-Democratic party in Germany, through its support of the war, has betrayed the principles of the International. The discrepancy between its vigorous opposition to the war-policy of the Government up to July 31 (the date of mobilization) and its servile acquiescence after the die had been cast, is too glaring to be explained away by specious reasoning.

The evidence in M. La Chesnais's indictment may be summarized as follows:

(1.) Up to August 1 the *Vorwärts* attacks the German Government trenchantly for its attitude in the Austro-Servian crisis. Its columns bristle with arguments which partisans of the Allies have since employed in all countries. Thus, the ultimatum to Servia is denounced as brutally offensive, and as inspired by a desire to provoke war; it is pointed out that Russia will naturally feel called upon to come to the aid of her Slavic kinsmen; the pacific intentions of the English and French Governments are freely recognized; the German Government is exhorted to accept the suggestion of Sir Edward Grey for a conference of the Powers—"the decision depends on William II"; finally, as a forlorn hope, it is almost feverishly urged that the Russian mobilization is not to be regarded as a reason for breaking off negotiations. Meanwhile the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Vienna was arguing in a similar vein.

(2.) On August 1, Müller, a member of the executive committee of the Social-Democratic party, appeared unexpectedly in Paris to confer with his French colleagues on the attitude which the Socialists in both countries should adopt in view of the impending war. Müller stated most explicitly that the German parliamentary group would either vote *against* the war credits, or would abstain entirely from voting. About the same time (the exact day is not specified) the German Socialist Deputy Haase informed Bethmann-Hollweg that the Socialists could not vote for the war appropriations, to which the Chancellor replied that he understood perfectly the embarrassing position the party was in.

(3.) Hermann Wendel, editor of *Vorwärts*, is authority for the statement that, previous to the opening session of the Reichstag on August 4, a member of the Government had a secret interview with several leaders of the Socialists, in the course of which he succeeded in persuading them, by the exhibition of certain "documents," that Germany was being attacked. Liebknecht afterwards told the Belgian Socialists that he personally had no knowledge of either the interview or the "documents." Apparently, the member of the Government chose his Deputies prudently and enjoined discretion upon them. It would seem as if the German Socialists had been caught by an appeal to their patriotic instincts and to their hatred of the Russian Government.

(4.) In the party caucus only a small minority (the author estimates the number at fourteen) held out for opposition to the war. The overwhelming majority swung into line with the Government policy. Since the party, by its own rules, was forced to vote as a unit in the Reichstag, Germany

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was able to present to the world the appearance of a solidly united nation. The tergiversation of the Socialists was complete; their moral collapse being the more tragic inasmuch as the voting of the first war credits coincided with the Chancellor's announcement of the violation of Belgian neutrality and with the miserable plea, "Necessity knows no law." Since then the tone of certain of the party leaders has grown apologetic; there seems to be at least an undercurrent of feeling that the party was hoodwinked by the Government; also, as is well known, Liebknecht broke party discipline by casting his vote in the Reichstag against subsequent war credits. On the other hand, Südekum has become a Government agent and David an avowed militarist, while the rank and file of the party seem to have merged themselves indistinguishably in the nationalist masses. M. La Chesnais thinks that the whole party organization should be read out of the International.

This pregnant little volume may be recommended to all who are interested in the beginnings of the war, and especially to those who have read Mr. Walling's recent attempt to rehabilitate the reputation of the German parliamentary group.

Notes

"Paris Reborn," a new book by Herbert Adams Gibbons, will shortly appear from the press of the Century Co.

"The Road to Glory," by E. Alexander Powell, is announced for immediate publication by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for publication next month "The Song of the Lark," by Willa Sibert Cather, and "America at Work," by Joseph Husband.

John Masefield's "The Faithful" is announced for publication on September 29 by the Macmillan Co.

Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication on October 2 "The Essentials of French Pronunciation," by Barry Cerf, and "Contes Français," by D. L. Buffum.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Secret History as Revealed by Lady Peggy O'Malley," by Mrs. Alice M. Williamson. The same house will publish next month in the Drama League Series of Plays "The Trail of the Torch," by Paul Hervieu; "A False Saint," by François de Curel; "The Apostle," by Paul Hyacinthe Loyson; "A Woman's Way," by Thompson Buchanan, and "My Lady's Dress," by Edward Knoblauch.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. will bring out in October the following publications: Anna S. Walling's "Violette of Père Lachaise"; Jethro Bithell's "Contemporary Belgian Literature"; Arthur Gleason's "Young Hilda at the Wars"; Arthur Hoeber's "The Barbizon Painters"; "A History of Babylon," by Leonard W. King; "Lord of Misrule and Other Poems," by Alfred Noyes; "Germans and Africa," by Evans Lewin; "Spies and Secret Service," by H. Grant; "Chats on Military Curios," by Stanley C. Johnson; "Grandmother's Fairy Tales," by Charles Robert Dumas; "Toy-Making at Home," by Morley Adams, and "Wonderland of Egypt," by Percy R. Salmon.

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of B. H. Blackwell, of Oxford, England: "Tales by Polish Authors," translated by Else C. M. Benecke; "Still More Russian Picture Tales," by Valéry Carrick, translated by Nevill Forbes; "Life of Viscount Bolingbroke," by Arthur Hassall; "An American Garland, Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America, 1563-1759," edited with introduction and notes by C. H. Firth; "Oxford Poetry, 1915," edited by G. D. H. C. and T. W. E.; "The War and Religion," by Alfred Loisy, translated by Arthur Galton; "Syria as a Roman Province," by E. S. Bouchier; "Analysis of Mill's Principles of Political Economy," by L. Oldershaw; "Historical Geography of England," by Maud Holliday; "Symphonies," by E. H. W. M.

The final arrangements for the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Richard Henry Dana, jr., popularly known as the author of "Two Years before the Mast," have now been made, and promise an occasion of unusual interest. It will take place in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society, and the date is Wednesday evening, the 20th of October next, instead of the 27th of October, as originally planned. Bishop Lawrence will preside. Prof. Bliss Perry, of Harvard College, will speak of Mr. Dana's literary career, with special reference to "Two Years before the Mast." Mr. Moorfield Storey, of the Suffolk Bar, will speak of Mr. Dana's anti-slavery work, and Hon. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, formerly Ambassador to England, will deal with Mr. Dana's career in international law.

Hilaire Belloc's fancifully philosophic book of foot-travel, "The Road to Rome," which appeared in 1902 from an English press, is now published in its first American edition by Putnams ($1.50 net). The high spirits and intimate tone of this narrative of a trip across Lorraine, the Jura, Switzerland, and Lombardy and Tuscany have apparently commended it, in spite of its frequently trivial by-play, to a steady demand. The new edition reproduces the sketches made by the author on the march.

The various aspects of journalism, editorial and financial, metropolitan and rural, were the subject of a conference at the University of Kansas a year ago. Addresses delivered upon that occasion, together with other material, are embodied in a volume called "The Coming Newspaper," edited by Merle Thorpe, of the Department of Journalism at the University (Holt; $1.40 net). One of the topics, Tainted Journalism, Good and Bad, is treated by Washington Gladden, who makes a sober but pointed presentation of the tendency of newspapers to exaggerate, even to the extent of gross distortion of the facts, and to "play up" the "seamy side" of life. He illustrates the latter habit with an incident in his own experience. A letter which he sent to his parishioners, to prepare the way for the coming of a colleague who had been appointed at Dr. Gladden's request with the understanding that he would become Dr. Gladden's successor, was made the occasion for a sensational story, telegraphed everywhere by the Associated Press, of dissatisfaction and desertion by his congregation and discouragement in him. His prompt correction of the tale has not travelled with the speed of the original, and he finds himself the object of pity wherever he goes. Other subjects discussed are Some Weaknesses in Modern Journalism, by Oswald Garrison Villard; The Clubber in Journalism, by Isaac D. White, of the New York *World;* Unto Whomsoever Much Is Given, by Melville E. Stone; A Modern Type of Country Journalism, by Ralph Tennal, of the Atchison *Globe,* and A Code of Ethics for Newspaper Men, by James Melvin Lee, head of the Department of Journalism of New York University. The weak part of the book is its treatment of Government regulation of the press—weak, not because of a jealous attitude of "hands off," but, surprisingly enough, for a contrary reason, an advocacy of such impossible leading-strings as signed news-items and State licenses for newspaper men!

John Boynton Kaiser has energetically compiled what seems to be a very practical reference book on the topics mentioned in his title, "Law, Legislative and Municipal Reference Libraries" (Boston Book Co.; $4). The result is a volume which will be necessary to anybody making a study of these specialized subjects, but which, it must be confessed, is rather formidable in appearance, even to those whose interest is more than a layman's. Mr. Kaiser's method is that of the topical outline, followed by text. The fact that it requires nearly a page of fine print to explain the index (to a volume of about 400 pages) indicates how extremely careful, not to say fussy, the author has been.

Literature as a narcotic should surely have its innings in these troublous days. They are not few who would flee far away from the vain conjectures of treaties and campaigns and the unending, indecisive succession of bloody attack by deadly repulse. An escape is offered in "From the Shelf" (Dutton; $1.50 net), by a young writer who styles himself Paxton Holgar. Under impulse of disappointment he hurries from London, shakes the dust of England from his feet, and soon by chance is installed in a deserted monastery on a Spanish isle in the Mediterranean. The wholesome charm of the native life in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, the quiet contentment with his rude but tropically luxuriant surroundings, are reflected in the simplicity of the narrative. Indeed, the seeming artlessness of his recital wins from you an ingenuous belief in the reality of his experiences. You catch the twinkle in his eye as he recalls the round, full-moon-like face of Fausto, his food-bringer, or describes Appollonia, his caretaker, "a shrivelled creature, the merest wisp of a woman, and of incredible age." You follow him guilelessly during the year through more than one refreshing experience, and you almost accept his "Adiós" wherein he triumphantly returns to England with a flush of romance on his cheek and on his lips a promise to return to his sunny, languorous shelf.

The newest official in our polity, the city manager, is the hero of Oswald Ryan's "Municipal Freedom," one of the American Books

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series (Doubleday, Page; 60 cents net); of Harry Aubrey Toulmin, jr.'s, "The City Manager," one of the National Municipal League series (Appleton; $1.50 net), and of a Bulletin of the University of Texas by Herman G. James, "What Is the City Manager Plan?" All three view the city manager with admiration. Of the two books—the Bulletin is a pamphlet—Mr. Toulmin's is the more comprehensive and detailed, Mr. Ryan's the more critical. Mr. Toulmin quotes at length from reports and statutes bearing upon the city-manager form of government, and even gives a glimpse of European municipal arrangements. Mr. Ryan ventures to criticise so perfect a document as the Dayton Charter. Instead of believing in the divine nature of the recall, as is the tendency of advocates of any variety of commission government, he regards this provision as "a violation of the central principle of this type of municipal organization," the principle that the city manager is not a political official, charged with the determination of policy, but a permanent, non-political official, in a word, an expert, whose business is the execution of the will of the city as expressed by the representative body which appoints him and to which he is responsible. The argument that he should be subject to popular recall is an argument that he should be popularly chosen. All of these publications are provided with good bibliographies. None of them, however, performs adequately the service that is most needed in connection with both commission government and the city manager—a critical estimate of gains and losses so far resulting from the adoption of these changes in our method of conducting municipal affairs.

"German Culture, Past and Present" (McBride, Nast; $1.25 net), by Mr. E. Belfort Bax, an English Socialist, is hardly, as the title would indicate, a comparison between the old-fashioned cosmopolitan culture of the Germany of Kant, Goethe, and Beethoven and the aggressive nationalism of the modern militaristic state. It is rather, for the most part, a monograph on German civilization in the sixteenth century, with special reference to the peasants' wars and other social and economic phenomena. The author, as a good Socialist, believes in the materialistic interpretation of history, and accordingly belittles the spiritual factors in the Reformation, besides having much to say in disparagement of Luther as a man and a thinker. The last two chapters, which have evidently been written since the beginning of the war, have no organic connection with the rest of the book. They deal with the Prussianization of Germany through the Hohenzollern policy of appropriation and autocracy.

In Mary Ritter Beard's "Woman's Work in Municipalities" (Appleton; $1.50), it is somewhat difficult to see the forest for the trees. Generalizations there are, but they are so very general that almost anybody might make them. The usefulness of the volume, upon which a vast amount of labor has evidently been spent, is, therefore, limited to that which pertains to an ordered collection of cases. One receives the impression of manifold activities in a dozen fields, education, public health, correction, civic improvement, and so on, but at the end is left with the unanswered question, Just what has woman brought to municipal service? Of her contributions we are told; we are not informed of her contribution. A more serious criticism is necessary of the final chapter, Government and Administration. Women have been voting in various cities for a good many years. Yet a third of the chapter is given up to the results of a single election, that of the spring of 1914 in Chicago and Illinois, in accordance with Graham Taylor's dictum at the time, "Illinois and Chicago give the country the most significant test of women's voting"—which may have been true enough when applied to one single series of elections. Then comes a copy of a telegram to a Chicago newspaper concerning an election at Des Moines, and this is followed by an editorial printed ten years ago in a California newspaper, entitled, "Why Women Should Be in Municipal Offices." The gross superficiality of this treatment of a great question is especially disappointing in the face of the real need for a critical estimate of woman's part in the government of those cities where she has had the ballot. So inadequate a method of procedure as is here exemplified will merely confirm anti-suffragists in their skepticism of the value of the vote in the feminine hand.

Alive to the splendid possibilities, the Minnesota Historical Society is about to take a more important part in the field of history and related activities than ever before. The Society is to have a handsome and convenient building. Dr. Solon J. Buck, the recently appointed superintendent, has many plans for the future which, if realized only in part, will greatly increase the Society's usefulness. Minnesota has not kept pace with neighboring States in some departments. It is therefore proposed to encourage the formation of local historical societies, and thus to create, so far as possible, a desire on the part of the people for the adequate treatment of their local history and the preservation of historical landmarks. And, too, there is to be coöperation with the University of Minnesota, which ought to result in good for both institutions, as well as for the State generally. Plans for future publishing activities are forming. One notable change should be mentioned: hereafter the Society's "Collections" will be reserved for documentary materials bearing primarily on the State's history. The numerous papers and reminiscences which have heretofore found a place in these volumes will be printed in a "Bulletin," two numbers of which have already appeared. This is a marked improvement.

Volume XV of the Minnesota Historical Society "Collections" (St. Paul), edited by Mr. Warren Upham, the former secretary, has recently come from the press. This volume of nearly 900 pages contains much matter of interest and value, but nothing that gives it the mark of distinction. Rasmus S. Saby contributes a lengthy thesis on "Railroad Legislation in Minnesota, 1849-1875," in which the facts are well digested. The study will prove helpful, as will also Mr. Iverson's paper on "The Public Lands and School Fund of Minnesota," and Prof. W. W. Folwell's account of "The Five Million Loan." Of reminiscences there are a goodly number, some of which are attractively written and worthy of preservation in print. Many pages are devoted to memorial addresses, the most interesting being Olin D. Wheeler's review of the career of Nathaniel P. Langford, the Vigilante and explorer, whose name will always be gratefully associated with Yellowstone Park. There is also the voluminous report of the committee appointed by the Society to pass upon the authenticity of the so-called Kensington Rune Stone, the "fake" which caused a flutter in certain circles some years ago. The favorable conclusions of the committee will not be generally accepted by those who have given the facts careful consideration.

"Narratives of the Insurrections, 1675-1690" (Scribner; $3) makes Volume XVI of the excellent collection of sources for colonial history edited by Dr. J. Franklin Jameson under the general title "Original Narratives of Early American History." Prof. Charles M. Andrews, of Yale University, who edits the present volume, has performed his task in the highly satisfactory manner which his previous work would lead students of colonial history to expect. The notes are sufficiently numerous to explain the text; the general introduction gives a brief estimate of the value of the material and enumerates the chief general causes of the insurrections; while the special introductions to each narrative give the essential information, in so far as it is obtainable, of a bibliographical character. Needless to say, not all the narratives are printed here. There are three each for Bacon's and Leisler's rebellions, eight for the disturbances in New England, and one each for North Carolina and Maryland. With the exception of the Letter of Captain George to Penys, which is for the first time printed in full, and of the Declaration of Protestant Subjects in Maryland, which was printed as a pamphlet in London in 1689, the narratives in this volume were already fairly accessible to students of colonial history. But the various insurrections, though they owed much to local causes, were influenced by conditions that were general, and it is therefore well to have the chief sources for the movement as a whole brought together. The history of individual colonies has been studied at the expense of what might be called comparative colonial history, and if the present volume does something to help students and teachers to grasp the unity of colonial development it will have been amply justified. Apart from these considerations, there are very many teachers of history who do not have access to libraries that are in any sense adequate; to them such collections as the one which is now nearing completion should prove of the highest value.

Ezra Ripley Thayer, dean of the Harvard Law School, committed suicide at Cambridge on September 15, while temporarily insane. He was born at Milton, Mass., February 21, 1866. Mr. Thayer was a son of the late James Bradley Thayer, for nearly thirty years professor of law at Harvard and a scholar of international distinction in the fields of legal history and constitutional law. Another son of Professor Thayer is Dr. W. S. Thayer, professor of clinical medicine at Johns Hopkins. Before entering college, Ezra Thayer travelled and studied in Greece as the companion and pupil of the late Prof. W. W. Goodwin. Mr. Thayer received the degree of A.B. from Harvard College in 1888, and that of A.M. in 1891. In the latter year he graduated from the Harvard Law School, with a record very rarely approached in the institution's history, and was admitted to the bar of Suffolk County, Massachusetts. Mr. Thayer's essay on "Judicial Legislation: Its Legitimate Function in the Development of the Common Law" won the medal given by the Harvard Law School

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Association in 1891. The year 1891-2 he spent in Washington as the private secretary of Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court. Upon his return to Boston he entered active practice, and before long became a recognized leader among the younger members of the bar. In 1910 Mr. Thayer was elected dean of the Harvard Law School, succeeding the late James Barr Ames, and becoming at the same time Dane professor of law. He had previously been connected with the institution only in the capacity of an occasional lecturer on Massachusetts Practice. Besides discharging the duties of his administrative office, Dean Thayer gave the courses in "Torts and Evidence." In December, 1913, Gov. Foss of Massachusetts nominated him to fill a vacancy in the Supreme Judicial Court. Mr. Thayer felt, however, that he could render his best service to the community in the position he held, and declined the appointment. Dean Thayer spoke and wrote with rare grace and force. His speeches at students' and graduates' gatherings were notable in form and substance—terse, direct, and glowing with the high enthusiasm of a nature at once modest and in the best sense proud. Alike in his distinguished physical presence and in the variety of his intellectual tastes and talents—above all, perhaps, in the elevation of his standards of scholarship and teaching—Mr. Thayer reminded those who had known both men of his father. His classes felt that Dean Thayer, too, was, as John Chipman Gray called him, "the best type of New Englander."

Science

The books on elementary science may be divided into two groups, the first group comprising those which are designed to impart information chiefly, and the second those which attempt to give some clear idea of method. There are a few books which endeavor to combine these two purposes by presenting hints for a laboratory course. Among the most successful of these may be mentioned "A First-Year Course in General Science," by Clara H. Pease (New York: Charles E. Merrill Co.). Miss Pease has evidently been careful in her compilation, and she has brought within a narrow compass an immense mass of facts. For the most part, the statements are presented in an attractive manner, and constitute, taken as a whole, a convenient little handbook of the most elementary science, ranging from astronomy and celestial physics down or up to human digestion.

"Marvels of Insect Life" (R. M. McBride; $3.50 net), by Edward Step, F.L.S., is well adapted to the kind of reader aimed at—the person who, though quite ignorant of entomology, is ready to believe that the study of insects is fascinating. The dozen colored plates and the 636 drawings and reproductions from photographs would almost suffice, without the text, to convince the unenlightened that a new world of wonder and delight is theirs for the asking—and a little work. The illustrations are indeed notable, in excellence as in quantity. Many of them, such as that of the Giant Water-Bug Attacking a Frog, have a spectacular effect that should make them particularly attractive to the young reader. The text will serve for young and old alike; it is colloquial, unadorned, and frankly clumsy. Although the insects discussed are not confined to any one section of the world, the preference is always given to British insects, and consequently the book will hardly be so interesting and useful for American as it will be for British readers.

A number of books have appeared in the last few years dealing with the general subject of the economic and sanitary importance of insect-life. Some of these books have been meant for the specialists and some have been prepared for popular use. Prof. C. A. Ealand's book, "Insects and Man" (Century; $3.50 net), seems to strike in between these extremes. It contains a great deal of very interesting material that will be appreciated especially by readers who have some scientific training, but are not specialists in entomology. The object of the book is to show that there is a real struggle for existence between man and the insect-world. If the latter were not a "house divided against itself" it is the author's opinion that the "human race would be extinct in five or six years." It seems probable that the story told by this and similar books will reach a wide circle of readers and will result eventually in focussing the attention of civilized man upon the necessity of applying human intelligence to a sustained and systematic fight against these myriads of minute enemies that are responsible for so much destruction to property and to life.

The range of subjects in Anna Botsford Comstock's "The Pet Book" (Comstock Publishing Co.; $2.50 net) extends from mammals to meal worms. The general treatment is very uneven, and considering the very competent sources from which the author has derived her facts, the information is not infrequently meagre and ill-balanced. But the directions as to the care of dogs, ponies, calves, lambs, rabbits, and the more common birds will doubtless be useful to many children who have no access to more detailed works. The most valuable portion presents evidence of the value as pets of such creatures as skunks, flying-squirrels, bats, blue-jays, terns, toads, newts, lizards, and bees. Here the conventional field of pets is widened, and this alone would furnish a *raison d'être* for the book. The illustrations, with the exception of the frontispiece, are poor, suffering both from choice of subject and uncoated paper. The text is heavy, being little else than a continuous succession of unvarnished facts and statements. This unliterary quality, however, facilitates reference, and this is the main object of the book.

In a well-printed book of a couple of hundred pages, Mr. Royal Dixon has brought together a large number of the more interesting facts in regard to the behavior of plants. He has given to his work the sensational title, "The Human Side of Plants" (Stokes; $1.50 net), and he starts out with the statement that he is "blazing the trail." It has been rather difficult, however, to detect, in the great mass of good material which he presents, any important facts which are now published for the first time. But this does not impair the usefulness of the book as a pleasing and, on the whole, trustworthy description of the innumerable adaptations of plants to their surroundings. One could wish that the language might have been freed a little more from fine writing and sensational expressions. The photographic reproductions are excellent, and the four pictures in color, by Mrs. Ellis Rowan, are worthy of high praise.

Drama

PINERO'S NEW SATIRE, "THE BIG DRUM."

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, September 2.

It was hard to believe, at the St. James's last night, that England was in the second year of a huge and terrible war. The scene had all the "brilliance," such as it is, and all the gayety, of all the St. James's first-nights for five-and-twenty years past. Here and there was a figure in khaki, but they were fewer than is now usual on such occasions. From the author downwards, every one seemed to have conspired to shut out for three hours all thought of the war. It is true I overheard the lady next me say, "I have two sons at the Dardanelles"; but the thought did not seem in the least to mar her enjoyment of Sir Arthur Pinero's extraordinarily interesting comedy.

"The Big Drum" is a satire—perhaps a little fiercer than the subject demanded—upon the pushing, "booming," notoriety-hunting snobbishness of British society. It might have been called "The Climbers" had not Clyde Fitch preëmpted the title. It also deals with the booming of literature—a subject as old as Scribe's "Le Puff," but none the less actual on that account. Perhaps it might have been wiser to treat the theme lightly throughout, and not make a happiness-wrecking vice of what is, after all, no more than a ridiculous folly; but the play is so adroitly built, and takes, from the first, so firm a hold upon our interest, that it is only in retrospect that we feel any sense of disproportion.

Ten years before the action opens, Philip Mackworth was a journalist in Paris. He fell in love with Miss Ottoline Filson, daughter of a wealthy British parvenu, who was then trying to buy his way into French society. Mackworth and Ottoline were deeply attached to each other; but they fell out over the climbing propensities of the Filson family, and Ottoline married an undesirable French count. Repulsed in Paris, the Filsons laid siege to London with better success; and when the play opens, Ottoline, now a widow, has joined them in Ennismore Gardens. She meets Mackworth at a luncheon party, and instantly there occurs a belated "redintegratio amoris"; for, indeed, they have never ceased to love each other. But Mackworth has misgivings as to the wisdom of attempting to re-knit the broken thread:

Philip: What would be the result of your reviving a friendship with an ill-tempered, intolerant person, who would be just as capable to-morrow of turning upon you like a savage——?

Ottoline: . . . As you did that evening, for instance, when I came with Nanette to your shabby little den in the Rue Soufflot——

Philip: Precisely.

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Ottoline: To beg you to *prôner* my father and mother in the journal you were writing for—what was the name of it?

Philip: The *Whitehall Gazette.*

Ottoline: And you were polite enough to tell me that my cravings and ideals were low, pitiful, ignoble!

Philip (regretfully): You remember?

Ottoline: As clearly as you do, my friend. Besides, they were true, those words—hideously true—as were many other sharp ones you shot at me in Paris.

Mackworth's misgivings are soon overcome, for the truth is Ottoline is passionately devoted to him. But she is rich; he has only a pittance, and the novels he writes bring him in a very small income. It is not so much the ordinary money scruple as the sense of being a failure in his art that leads him to insist that their marriage shall be delayed till after the appearance of his next novel, in which he has a profound belief. She reluctantly agrees, not without a painful realization that pride and literary ambition are more to him than love.

Then comes the ordeal of breaking the news of the engagement to Sir Randle and Lady Filson and their hopeful son, Mr. Bertram Filson. This snob trio cannot but recall the Puritan trio of the Ridgeleys in "His House in Order"; but the Filsons are less ferociously handled, without being a whit less amusing. Sir Randle and his wife, indeed, are not at all bad-hearted people. They would be an excellent, affectionate bourgeois family, if they did not happen to be colossal snobs. Sir Randle, a tall, heavy, pompous man, with a head like that of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, has just come in from a memorial service in honor of a man he didn't know:

Lady Filson: You haven't been long, Randle.

Sir Randle (a cloud overshadowing his face): I didn't remain for the Dead March, Winnie *(taking off his black gloves.)* I need hardly have troubled to go at all as it turned out.

Lady Filson: Why, dear?

Sir Randle: The sad business was most abominably mismanaged. No reporters.

Lady Filson: No reporters!

Sir Randle: Not a single pressman in the porch. . . . I am almost glad, under the circumstances, that I didn't regard it as an event that laid me under an obligation to send flowers.

An Irish baronet, Sir Timothy Barradell, is at this moment having an interview with Ottoline in her boudoir, and the result is breathlessly anticipated by her parents, in spite of the fact that Sir Timothy has made his money out of bacon:

Lady Filson: It won't *sound* bad, Randle.

Sir Randle (leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes): "Lady Barradell."

Lady Filson (in the same way): "Lady Barradell."

Sir Randle (in a murmur, but with great gusto): "A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Sir Timothy Barradell, Bart., of 16 the Albany and Bryanstown Park, County Wicklow, and Ottoline, widow of the late Comte de Chaumié, only daughter of Sir Randle and Lady Filson, of 71 Ennismore Gardens, and Pickhurst, Bramsfold, Sussex."

Great is their disgust when Sir Timothy, an original, delightful character, appears with the information that Ottoline has sent him about his business; and it rises to consternation when Ottoline herself announces that "a marriage has been arranged" between herself and an obscure novelist who, to Sir Randle's unspeakable dismay, does not even figure in "Who's Who?" The interview between Mackworth and the Filson family is a painful one; but Mackworth somewhat reconciles them, and goes near to alienating Ottoline, by saying:

Well, Sir Randle, I—I'm prepared to take a sporting chance. . . . I'll stake everything on my next book! I give you my word that if it isn't a success—an indisputable, popular success—I will join you both, in all sincerity, in urging Ottoline to break with me. Come! Does that mollify you?

The Filsons naturally inquire into the nature of the work on which he builds such hopes; and Ottoline, irritated by this new proof of his postponement of love to pride, eggs him on to give an account of it, though she knows that she is mounting him upon his hobby:

Philip: It's called "The Big Drum," Sir Randle.

Sir Randle (elevating his eyebrows): "The Big Drum"? *(With an innocent air)* Military?

Philip: No, social. . . . It's an attempt to portray the struggle for notoriety—for self-advertisement—we see going on around us to-day.

Sir Randle: Ah, yes, lamentable!

Philip (deliberately, but losing himself in his subject as he proceeds): It shows a vast crowd of men and women, sir, forcing themselves upon public attention without a shred of modesty, fighting to obtain it as if they were fighting for bread and meat. . . .

Sir Randle (closing his eyes): A terrible picture!

Lady Filson (closing her eyes) Terrible!

Philip: It shows the bishop and the judge playing to the gallery, the politician adopting the methods of the cheap-jack, the duchess vying with the puffing draper; it shows how even true genius submits itself to the conditions that are accepted and excused as "modern," and is found elbowing and pushing in the hurly-burly. It shows how the ordinary decencies of life are sacrificed to the paragraphist, the interviewer, and the ghoul with the camera; how the home is stripped of its sanctity, blessed charity made a vehicle for display, the very graveyard transformed into a parade-ground; while the outsider looks on with a sinking of the vitals because the drum-stick is beyond his reach and the bom-bom-bom is not for *him!* It shows—*(checking himself with a short laugh).* Oh, well, that's the setting of my story, Sir Randle. I won't inflict the details on you.

The next act occurs at Mackworth's chambers in Gray's Inn, four months later. It is characteristic of the literary tradition which Sir Arthur Pinero represents that portraits of Dickens and Thackeray are prominent among the novelist's household gods. "The Big Drum" is published, and after hanging fire at first, has made a great success. The publisher reports a sale of 25,000 copies—you see how modest are our English notions of a "best-seller." Mackworth is overjoyed to have found recognition at last, the Filsons are reconciled to Ottoline's choice, and a little family dinner-party has been arranged to celebrate the formal recognition of the engagement. But Ottoline's brother, an unbearable young cub, thinks that there is something queer about the success of the book, and has set a private detective to inquire into it. That worthy reports that 25,000 copies have indeed been printed, but that almost all of them are reposing in the cellars of a bogus exportation-agent somewhere in the City. The inference which young Filson suggests to the assembled family is that Mackworth has entered into a plot with his publisher to create a fictitious success, the expense of which he will easily be able to meet as soon as he is in possession of Ottoline's money. This intelligence is a thunderbolt to Mackworth, hurling him from the seventh heaven of success into the limbo of discreditable failure. But who has made him the victim of such a cruel—and costly—trick? The answer is close at hand—it is Ottoline! She confesses; and Mackworth, under the blow of the disappointment, treats her with a frigidity more cutting than any reproach. A night brings him to his senses and he implores her pardon; but at the same time he speaks of burning the book he has begun, and giving up his art. She tells him that she has recognized in herself an incurably vulgar and pushing strain, which would always be offending him, and furthermore—what is perhaps more serious—that he evidently cares more for his art than for her love. So she resolutely tears herself away from him, and leaves him to go on with his new book in solitude.

Though I am sure nothing was further from Sir Arthur Pinero's mind than any thought of Ibsen, he has here repeated the end of "A Doll's House." The resemblance is unmistakable, and shows how small is the world of dramatic *motifs.* A woman, out of pure love for a man, has committed a thoughtless and foolish act which, when discovered, threatens to involve him in disgrace. In the first moment of consternation he gives no thought to her motive, but, absorbed in his own disaster, treats her with selfish cruelty. The crisis reveals to her both her own character and his, and she sees that all must be over between them. The two situations are identical in essence; and Pinero's, though for different reasons, is as disputable as Ibsen's. It will be admitted, I think, that Nora's reasons for leaving Helmer would be entirely adequate were it not for the children; the question is whether the existence of the children does not create a bond between them which she could not and would not break. Between Ottoline and Mackworth there is, of course, no such bond; there is not even the tie of marriage; but, on the other hand, Pinero

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has not made the disparity of character nearly so plain as Ibsen has. Though there is a something about Ottoline throughout—a tinge of affectation, manifesting itself partly in a constant use of French phrases—which puts us on our guard as to her character, we feel that in the end she does herself injustice, and that any reasonable man would find no difficulty in forgiving her foibles for the sake of the deep and really beautiful sincerity of her love. But, then, it may be said, Mackworth is not a reasonable man—he is a fanatic and a prig—so that Ottoline's action is, after all, justified. That is true; but Sir Arthur has not given us the clue to Mackworth's character quite early enough. The fact that the author so obviously shares his hero's rage against social push and self-advertisement inclines us to regard Mackworth altogether sympathetically. We are consequently taken aback when, in the poignant situation of the third act, he behaves with such stupid egoism; and even up to the end we have not yet quite reconciled ourselves to the idea that this is an essential and determining trait in his character. "If either of them had the slightest sense of humor," a critic has said, "there is no reason why they should not marry and live happily forever after." The author may justly reply that he deliberately deprived his hero of humor, which is perhaps, by the way, the secret of his failure as a novelist. That is a good plea; but the deficiency is not made quite clear enough. With all deductions, however, "The Big Drum" remains a most interesting and delightful comedy.

THE RETURN OF "GRUMPY."

The reappearance in New York, at the Empire Theatre, of that finished actor, Mr. Cyril Maude, is not only a source of satisfaction, but an excuse for certain dramatic speculations. "Grumpy," though provided with an interesting plot, owes its success to a leading character who exhibits little novelty. Like his name, he is as old as time. But he is, above all, human. And, though the play would in all probability not have flourished without an actor abundantly suited to the part, it is to be remembered that any number of modern instances could be cited in which very competent acting has not sufficed to save a seemingly promising play from failure.

The truth is, the endeavor to give fresh ideas to the stage has largely resulted in a shameful neglect of human nature. With the purpose of keeping pace with modern problems, playwrights have attempted to answer the large questions of the day with all the finality of the muckraker, and in so doing have forgotten that the truthful representation of character is the main requisite of a theatrical performance. If your characters are puppets, no amount of powerful arguments put into their mouths will suffice to make them real or your play convincing. It is only closet drama—which is not designed primarily for acting—that can afford to rely on ideas at the expense of character. By some futile twist of reasoning, American playwrights in recent years have fancied that, let us say, a political boss requires verisimilitude merely in the matter of outward appearance. His office force must be caught to the life, his especial brand of cigars indicated, as also a suggestion of the mechanical devices by which he perpetrates his villany. These he undoubtedly has in actual life, but our writers forget such important human considerations as the fact that a successful politician is invariably devoted to children and dogs, to mention only one or two possibilities.

The authors of "Grumpy" have not made this mistake. Here is a character straight from Dickens or Thackeray—a man as pestiferous as you please on the surface, but with a heart warm and true. We commend to ambitious young playwrights the study of American types—for not all, by any means, have been exhausted by their predecessors. When they have discovered one to their liking, they will most probably discover, too, that the relations of this character are ample to embrace an interesting modern problem. F.

The representation of "A Pair of Silk Stockings," which Mr. Winthrop Ames has scheduled for a run of three weeks at the Booth Theatre, is notable only for the addition of two performers to the cast of last year. Mr. Sam Sothern, who was a member of the original cast in England, is seen to advantage as the husband of the naughty Molly Thornhill, which latter part is taken this year by Miss Eva Leonard Boyne. His work is quiet, as the comedy of the drawing-room should be quiet, and yet he indicates without difficulty the contrasts of his rôle. As Lady Gower, Miss Alison Skipworth is well-nigh perfect; she has, above all, charm, the ample charm of *embonpoint* and the spiritual charm of agreeable manners and speech; and even in her little dogmatisms and bigotry she never becomes unattractive.

Music

Thomas Beecham, the London orchestral leader, seems to have an even more remarkable memory than Toscanini. According to Robin H. Legge, he conducted from memory at twenty-four hours' notice Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." Mr. Legge also recalls the fact that Hans von Bülow learned the score of a Stanford symphony on the train between Hamburg and Berlin, and conducted it from memory in the latter city.

October 25 is the date chosen for the opening of the two weeks' performances of the Boston Opera Company in New York in conjunction with the Pavlowa Russian Ballet. The Lexington Avenue Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein two years ago when he intended to give opera in English, has been chosen for these representations.

An exclusively Russian programme has been arranged by Clara Gabrilowitsch for her first Aeolian Hall recital next month. It will include songs by Glinka, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounoff, Arensky, and Rachmaninoff.

"The Musical Blue Book of America" is a useful volume of 429 pages compiled by Emma L. Trapper. It contains information concerning the doings and whereabouts of more than four thousand persons more or less prominent in the musical world.

Only thirty-eight works were sung last season by the Royal Opera Company in Berlin, as compared with forty-six the preceding year. Some of the most important works in the repertory, notably Wagner's "Parsifal," "Rheingold," and "Götterdämmerung," had to be excluded, not so much because of a shortage of singers as because so many of the stage hands employed in the scenic department had gone to the front. Nevertheless, Wagner kept the lead, with sixty-seven performances. Verdi came next, with thirty-eight; Strauss followed, with twenty-three; Mozart (whose "Magic Flute" also had to be abandoned because of the shortage of stage hands) had sixteen. Beethoven's "Fidelio," which had been sung only three times the preceding year, was demanded thirteen times, and Bizet's "Carmen" received the same number of hearings. Weber had twelve performances; Donizetti, eleven; Rossini, Blech, Thomas, and Puccini, ten each; Mascagni, nine, etc. Of the twenty-three composers represented, fourteen were Germans, six Italians, and three Frenchmen, no other nations being represented. There were 174 performances of twenty-five German operas, seventy-nine of ten Italian, and twenty-six of three French operas. Wilhelm Altmann calls attention in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* to the fact that of Richard Strauss's operas the only one which attracted the public was the "Rosenkavalier." The six operas most often sung were "Lohengrin," "Figaro," "Traviata," "Carmen," "Fidelio," "Tannhäuser," in the order given.

It is to be hoped that Weingartner's attempt to bring back to the stage Weber's charming opera, "Oberon," will succeed elsewhere as it has succeeded in Hamburg, where his version of that fairy tale in music was recently staged. It is much to be regretted that, when Gustav Mahler was one of the conductors at the Metropolitan, he was not permitted to produce his own version of Weber's last opera. Now that Weber's "Euryanthe" has won so much favor in our opera house, the matter will perhaps be taken into consideration. Why not produce "Oberon" as Weber left it? Because he left it in a condition with which he himself was far from satisfied. He was far gone with tubercular trouble when he received a hurry order from London for a new opera. His physician forbade his accepting it, but he needed the money and began to compose the music of parts of the opera before he had seen the whole of the libretto, which was not yet finished. When at last he did see it, he realized too late its inadequacy. He made up his mind to have it remodelled and to revise the music on his return to Germany, but death from exhaustion frustrated this plan. His pupil, Benedict, was the first who tried to carry out his intentions. Several others followed his example, without much success. Dr. Leopold Schmidt expresses the opinion, in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, that, of all the attempts to come to the rescue of "Oberon," Weingartner's is the most acceptable. He has reduced the spoken dialogue to a minimum and added some musical numbers which are surprisingly Weberish. Let us have "Oberon," by all means. There are no new operas half as inspired.

The London musical season which ended a few weeks ago was pronounced by one of the critics "very unusually slack"; yet from the last week in April to the end of July over 300 musical entertainments of various kinds were noticed in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

D'Albert's "Tiefland," which is also known to New Yorkers, has for years been one

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of the most popular of operas in Berlin, but it is only this season that it will have the honor of being sung at the Royal Opera. Heretofore it has been given at the Komische Oper and in the suburban Charlottenburg.

One seldom hears viola players as soloists, largely because so little has been written for them. Lionel Tertis is trying to remedy this. He is leader of the violas of Queen's Hall, and he has informed a correspondent of *Musical America,* Wallace L. Crowdy, that Ravel, Ysaye, and Delius are writing works for him, and that he hopes to persuade other composers to turn their attention to the great beauties of his chosen instrument.

A revised edition of "Elements and Notation of Music," by James M. McLaughlin, Director of Music in the Boston public schools, has been issued by Ginn (50 cents). It differs from the earlier editions in including definitions and terms in general use in the teaching of music in the schools of this country.

Finance

THE "ANGLO-FRENCH LOAN."

Out of a good deal of confusion regarding the negotiations between the Anglo-French commissions and the American bankers, over the proposed large loan to Europe, several essential facts have at length emerged. One is, that the loan's success, in some form, is virtually insured. It will presumably be for $500,000,000 or more; will run for probably five years; will bear interest at 5 per cent., and will be payable, interest and principal, in American currency. In minor particulars, these general presumptions may be modified. There has been discussion, for instance, as to whether the use of the proceeds of such a loan for purchase of war material might be modified—not because loans for that purpose are improper, or because the munitions exports are themselves "unneutral," but in order to overcome the objection of pro-German interests identified with the lending institutions.

But the central consideration of all, which the public at large was somewhat slow to comprehend, is the unquestioned purpose of the borrowing Governments to draw on the proceeds of the loan only in paying for purchases of merchandise in the United States, and to leave those proceeds on deposit with the American banks until such bills shall fall due. It is only lately, also, that even the banking and mercantile community, West as well as East, has grasped the principle that this is not a war loan, such as the American subscriptions to the Boer War issues of 1900, or the spasmodic American purchases of the Imperial German war loan last spring. In its nature, the pending Anglo-French operation is purely a matter of granting long credits on purchases of merchandise for foreign account in the American market. The banks are virtually discounting bills arising from such transactions. It is a highly important step in the performance of the new functions of this country as the central money market of the world.

It is more than this. Granting of credits or purchase of securities, for the purpose of equalizing a disturbed balance of international exchange—whose effect had proved to be damaging to all markets concerned—is a perfectly normal and usual economic recourse. But for the fact that the Governments to which the borrowing markets belong are now in a state of war, no competent financier would think of objecting to the operation.

A further consideration, which the financial community has only begun to realize, is the effect which such an operation will be bound to have on this country's power and prestige, when the war is over. One theory, as to what will happen then, has been that London would instantly dislodge New York from its new position as a money centre; another has been, that the European holdings of American securities would then pour out in prodigious quantity on our markets, compelling large outflow of gold from the United States. But the obvious result of our markets' holding French and English obligations in such quantity would be, first, that London could not regain her old-time prestige until her indebtedness to America had been paid off, and, next, that even if we were compelled to redeem our own foreign-held securities in full, we should simply pay for them with the bonds of England and France, of which the proceeds had already been expended in the American industrial markets.

In the popular mind, some perplexing questions still remain. Can the people of the United States afford to lend $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 to Europe, even if the credit of the borrowers be indisputable? How would the loan affect our money and investment markets? Would institutions hold the bonds, or private individuals? What sort of trading should we have in them? Would they be "listed," for example, on the Stock Exchange? These questions have been asked by many people during the past two weeks.

The loan could easily be placed. Money is abnormally easy. The banks of New York alone hold a surplus reserve of $100,000,000 more than on January 1, and it was very large, even then. New bonds listed on the Stock Exchange in the first half of 1915 were $330,000,000 less than in 1905, and new stocks listed were $359,000,000 less than in 1901, and the country's available capital is far greater now than in either year. In eight months of 1900 and 1901, we took $330,000,000 bonds from the British Exchequer; even in 1898, when our own Government offered a popular loan of $200,000,000, subscription offers aggregated $1,500,000,000.

On neither occasion were the money or investment markets seriously disturbed, and the resources of those markets are vastly greater now. It is doubtful, therefore, if even a loan for more than $500,000,000, with the proceeds left in American banks until drawn upon for expenditure, and with the expenditure itself made in the American markets, would affect the money rate or the price of existing securities, even temporarily. Indeed, it is probable that the success of the loan would check the European liquidation of our own securities, which has weighed on the investment market. At any rate, the British Government's pressure on English holders to sell would certainly be relaxed.

Banking institutions would certainly be the original buyers; they might be the permanent holders. They were so in the case of our purchases of England's "Boer War loans," though not in the Japanese loans of 1904 and 1905. If our people showed a disposition to deal in the Anglo-French securities, the bonds would undoubtedly be distributed, for large private capitalists would be extensive buyers at the start. A public offering might be necessary, as a preliminary to listing on the Stock Exchange. But the "curb market," which even to-day buys and sells the German and French one-year 5 per cent. notes of last spring, would surely trade in them.

If they were listed, and then dealt in freely by the investing and speculative public, the day-to-day prices of the five-year loan would possibly vary according to two influences—the home financial developments in France and England, and the war news. We may yet see a "bear raid" on Anglo-French 5s, on news of the fall of Petrograd, or a "bull movement" on the capture of Constantinople.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Adams, S. H. Little Miss Grouch. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Hewlett, M. The Little Iliad. Lippincott.
Howard, G. B. God's Man. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.40 net.
Knipe, E. B. and A. A. Peg o' the Ring. Century. $1.25 net.
Lee, Jennette. Aunt Jane. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Lincoln, N. S. The Official Chaperon. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Norris, K. The Story of Julia Page. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Oyen, H. The Man Trail. Doran. $1.25 net.
Parker, G. The Money Master. Harper. $1.35 net.
Runkle, B. Straight Down the Crooked Lane. Century. $1.35 net.
Seaman, A. H. The Boarded-Up House. Century. $1.25 net.
Somerville, H. B. Some Women and Timothy. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Stringer, A. The Prairie Wife. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Vaizey, Mrs. G. de H. What a Man Wills. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Ward, Mrs. H. Eltham House. Hearst International Library Co. $1.35 net.
Widdemer, M. Why Not? Hearst International Library Co. $1.25 net.
Wodehouse, P. G. Something New. Appleton. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Adler, F. Marriage and Divorce. Appleton. 75 cents net.
Alder, F. The World Crisis and its Meaning. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Ball, E. H. Photoplay Scenarios. Hearst International Library Co. 60 cents net.
Benson, A. C. Escape, and Other Essays. Century. $1.50 net.
Benton, C. F. The Complete Club Book for Women. Boston: Page. $1.25 net.

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Boswell, F. P. The Aims and Defects of College Education. Putnam. 80 cents.
Dwight, H. G. Constantinople Old and New. Scribner. $5 net.
Langdon, S. Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood, and the Fall of Man. Phila.: University Museum.
Maspero, Sir G. Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt. Putnam. $3.50 net.
Moore, C. L. Incense and Iconoclasm. Studies in Literature. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Sinclair, M. A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Sologub, F. The Sweet-Scented Name. Edited by S. Graham. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Stein, E. Our Little Norman Cousin of Long Ago. Boston: Page.
Stewart, E. P. Letters on an Elk Hunt. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. Translated from the Latin by J. W. Mackail. New edition. Longmans, Green. 75 cents net.
Ungnad, A. Babylonian Letters of the Hannurapi Period. Phila.: University Museum.
Ward, W. H. What I Believe and Why. Scribner. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Chapman, J. J. Notes on Religion. L. J. Gomme.
Morgan, A. A Budget of Paradoxes. Vols. I and II. Open Court Pub. Co. $3.50 net.
Murray, G. The Stoic Philosophy. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Patton, C. S. Sources of the Synoptic Gospels. Macmillan. $1.30 net.
Peritz, I. J. Old Testament History. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Raymond, G. L. An Art Philosopher's Cabinet. Putnam.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Clapp, E. J. Economic Aspects of the War. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Donald, W. J. A. The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry. (Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.) Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Drachmann, P. The Industrial Development and Commercial Policies of the Three Scandinavian Countries. Edited by H. Westergaard. Oxford University Press. $1.50.
Hill, D. J. The People's Government. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Munro, A. B. Bibliography of Municipal Government. Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.
Wilson, G. C. The Hague Arbitration Cases. Ginn. $3.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Hime, H. W. L. The Origin of Artillery. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Larson, L. M. A Short History of England and the British Empire. Holt.
McCormick, R. R. With the Russian Army. Macmillan. $2 net.
Major John F. Lacey. Memorial Volume. The Torch Press. $2.50 net.
Nationalism and War in the Near East. Edited by Lord Courtney of Penwith. Oxford University Press. $4.15.
Plunket, I. L. Isabel of Castile and the Making of the Spanish Nation. 1451-1504. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Saint-André, C. A King's Favourite, Madame Du Barry and Her Times. McBride. $3.50 net.
Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi. Edited by A. M. Pooley. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Solovyof, V. War and Christianity. From the Russian Point of View. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Treitschke, H. von. History of Germany in the 19th Century. Vol. I. McBride. $3.25 net.
Wilkinson, S. The French Army before Napoleon. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

TRAVEL.

Belloc, H. The Path to Rome. Putnam. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Colcord, L. Vision of War. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

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Old Masters of Photography
Alvin Langdon Coburn, himself a master of the art of which he writes, tells about four great pioneers in the field of photography.

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Is the average voter a failure? Is there an average voter? Walter Weyl, in this searching article, takes stock of America's voting quality.

My Debut in Paris
Francis Grierson, the strange musical genius who was raised in America and then amazed Europe with a new kind of music, tells of his introduction to the brilliant Parisian society of the end of the Second Empire.

Female Delicacy in the Sixties
What is so rare as a swooning lady now? But they weren't rare sixty years ago. They were the ideals then. Amy Louise Reed discusses the almost incredible foolishnesses of and about women, especially young women, before the Civil War.

"Here Comes Grover"
The Fat Boy is peculiar to himself, typically unique. His heart and mind know different reactions from those of an ordinary mortal. His bashfulness betrays strange complexes. Grover, in Frank Leon Smith's story, lives, breathes—and pants.

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